

THE OLD FIELD OFFICER.

OR

THE MILITARY AND SPORTING ADVENTURES

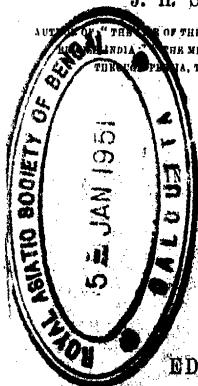
OF

MAJOR WORTHINGTON.

EDITED BY

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CONTENTS.

1026

CHAPTER I.

The Hindoo Money-Lender—Corporal Punishment,	PAGE 1-26
--	--------------

CHAPTER II.

The Tocsin Sounded—Military Festivities—The Battle for the Bottle —A Portuguese Wedding,	27-50
---	-------

CHAPTER III.

The Arabs of the Persian Gulf—The Return to India—Field-Sports— Runaway Elephants,	51-87
---	-------

CHAPTER IV.

Shooting—The Denizens of the Lakes—Deer Hunting with the Cheetah,	88-113
--	--------

CHAPTER V.

Bhurtpore in 1825,	114-157
--------------------	---------

CHAPTER VI.

Deer Stalking,	158-173
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THE OLD FIELD OFFICER.

CHAPTER I.

THE HINDOO MONEY-LENDER—CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

AFTER a residence of two years at Poonah, and an indulgence in all the pleasures of the place, which, to say the truth, were of a most expensive kind, I found myself regularly out at elbows, and was continually pestered by duns in all shapes. My only excuse for extravagance was, that it was *the fashion*—everybody lived beyond his means, trusting to some lucrative appointment in the future for the power of extinguishing embarrassment. Speaking one day to General Lionel Smith, the Commander of the division, of the mental distress all my debts gave me, he said in his usual homely way, “Why don’t you *concentrate* them?—

be got—you very good gentleman—must be have. How much you want ?” “ Why, Sir, I should be able to manage with ten thousand rupees ; but I should be better pleased to get twelve thousand rupees.” “ Twelve thousand rupees ! This very much money. Ah, I see, you want make *tu-masha* ; all same as one civilian gentlyman !” “ Well ; but will you get it ?” “ Must be. I got one cousin-brother. He dam rich. I speak him for the ten thousand rupees ; but you must pay me littly commission ?” “ Oh, certainly ; anything to shew my thankfulness.”

The next day I awaited impatiently Balcrustna's arrival at the office, that I might know the result of his obliging intercession. But I was too sanguine. He had not seen his cousin-brother ; but he should do so that evening, or the next day.

The two days rolled away, and the rich relative had not been seen. On the fourth day, Balcrustna was absent on sick leave ; and the fifth day was Sunday. This was tantalizing—very ; but it proved a mere foretaste of the procrastination yet in store. At length it was arranged I was to see the intended money-lender at his own house ; and thither, one evening, Balcrustna escorted me.

Succaram Bimjee lived in the town of Poonah, in a narrow street, remarkable for filthy drains, pariah dogs, and ophthalmic children. There was room for one hackery to pass without actually tearing away the chunammed brick ledges or benches which fronted the domiciles ; but as a large, sulky, overfed, treacherous brahmanic bull generally occupied the centre of the street, the thoroughfare was not very clear even to the solitary cart. On arriving at Succaram's house, which had a heavy rudely-carved door, painted a flaming red, my *cicerone* preceded me up stairs, desiring me to remain under a species of portal, a subject of curious investigation to a Mahratta chowkeydar, who amused himself with glaring upon me, while he twisted his moustaches, and masticated paun and betel. In a few minutes I was called to the "presence;" and, in a small narrow room, with white-washed walls, decorated with singular paintings on glass, of George IV., when Prince of Wales, all blue coat and brass buttons, and the late Queen Charlotte, in a turban and feathers, found the "cousin-brother." Succaram was seated on a species of *nummud* or felt carpet, covered with a calico sheet, his back sup-

ported by a large pillow. He had divested himself of his turban, tunic, slippers—in fact, of everything but an apology for unnameables, a white scarf and a pair of spectacles. He did not rise on my entrance; alas, for our relative positions—the humble European borrower before the proud Hindoo lender!—but salaamed with a ghastly attempt at an amiable grin, and motioned me to a solitary chair that had long cut all acquaintance with bees-wax, turpentine, and other renovators.

The introduction over, and the mind of Sucaram satisfied as to the state of my health, my opinions upon India in general, and Poonah in particular, we came to business.

“My cousin-brother, Balcrustnaje, —he very good man, and like to you very much,—he tell me you are wanting the five thousand rupees.” “*Ten* thousand, Sir, if you please,” I said, interrupting him. “*Ten* thousand! That too much money. Arré, my master, this time is too bad. Company take all money,—nobody got.” I saw that this was a dodge to enhance the importance of the loan, and expressed in rather an irritated tone my resolution not to become a borrower of a less sum.

He resumed :—" Why you angry ? I not make force you. Suppose you like to take, very good,—suppose not, never mind." I threw in a mollifying word. " Well, then, I must to lend you the ten thousand rupees. Certainly must be. You very good man,—soon you be Governor or Commissioner,—then that time you not look the face of Saccaram. He very poor,—you one *burra sahib*." I protested that no possible change of circumstances could make me oblivious of those who served me in my need. It would, on the contrary, be my pride to help them. He shook his head, (as well he might,) and indulged me with a long story regarding the number of men, now great *captains* on the staff, whom he remembered subs, hard-up for a few rupees. I urged him to come to the point ; and he thus went on.

" Ten thousand rupees you want. I very sorry that in this bad time I no got myself ; but my one friend he will lend me, your sake. What security you give ?" I had been drilled by Balcrustna to offer a life-insurance. " That very good. Englishman come this country, he all the same as one *chiraug*,—one littly wind blow out his life." Here Balcrustna laughed immoderately,

and I joined in the mirth. It was very funny, exceedingly, to think that existence in India was so uncertain. I really quite enjoyed the entertaining conceit of going out like the snuff of a candle. "Yes, one *chirauq*," and he laughed himself at the pleasing metaphor. "Then you pay interest at twelve per cent. yearly?" "Certainly." "And my commission for getting money from my friend?" "Good gracious! you will leave me nothing!" "What for make angry? I no force you. Suppose you want, you take,—suppose—" "Oh, very well." "Then you give one order to pay-master for monthly instalment—two hundred rupees."

Reader, were you ever in very severe and pressing want of a pecuniary supply? If you have always been independent in this respect, I shall find no mercy at your hands. None but those who have experienced penury; and found the wherewithal to satisfy an immediate want almost within their grasp, can comprehend or palliate the recklessness with which the suing borrower assents to all the hard terms a grasping miser takes the opportunity of imposing. Though my pay was only six hundred rupees *per mensem*, I was too

avid of the loan of ten thousand rupees to hesitate about agreeing to give up one-third of my income in liquidation of the debt. I cherished some vague hopes of an early increase of my staff allowance, and hoped, or more than hoped, that I should find in my native creditor an indulgent friend, who would hereafter relax the terms of the bond.

"Yes, I will assign two hundred rupees *per mensem*." "Very well; then to-morrow I go my friend's house, and settle the business for you." We parted, and I considered the loan *un fait accompli*.

Two days passed, and I waited on Succaram. He had been unfortunate, of course, in not finding his friend at home. Another day—the friend had been seen, but was too busy on other matters to talk of the loan. A third, a fourth, a fifth day passed, and at last Succaram had persuaded the *inconnu* to accommodate me. But he stipulated for another one per cent. interest; would I give it? What would I *not* give! Then the policy of insurance was taken out, the bond prepared on foolscap paper, the draft being drawn up by the wily lender, and a day fixed for the payment of the money. This was the fifteenth day after my

first visit ! How sick the “hope deferred” had made my heart, the reader may guess.

“Well, Mister Succaram, I have come for the money.” “I very sorry, my good Sir, but my friend he not yet send. Surely must be come to-night, then I send you morning time in the Balcrustna’s hand.” I took my leave.

Where was Balcrustna the next day ? Not at the office ; nor at home. Where the day following ? A note affected to explain :—

“HONOURED SIR,—By the help of God I am very sorry that the belly-sickness makes for two days the incapacitation for office business. If can be no perplexity for the medicine Thursday, then I will see to your honour’s face, and must be conclusion the financial department of the Succaram business.—Under existing circumstances of the case, I am, honoured Sir, with great respect, and submissively, your Lordship’s most obedient servant,
BALCRUSTNA, *Prabhoo*.”

The secret of this was, that my office-friend had received the money, and was lending it to some wretched shopkeeper in the bazaar, at a daily interest. But I resolved to bring the matter to a

conclusion, and so proceeded to his house. After a time I obtained admission; and when I had waited two hours, (during which time Balcrustna had been to get the money out of the soudagur's hands,) my friend appeared.

Pass we over the preliminary conversation, and come to the final settlement. "If you please to favour me, Worthington Sahib, to take one chair." I sat down, and Balcrustna, putting a small money-bag on the floor-mat by his side, began with a reed-pen to make some calculations upon a slip of glazed paper. "Interest for one year, thirteen hundred rupees—commission—policy—um—um—um. Here, you take your money." I clutched the bag, which did not feel quite as heavy as I wished. "You got there justly seven thousand four hundred and twenty rupees." "And when shall I get the balance?" "What balance?" "The remainder of the ten thousand rupees." "*Wah! wah!* you got all, my master, very rightly." "Nonsense, how do you make it out?" "I show you presently, all very proper. Look this. Interest on ten thousand rupees at thirteen per cent.—that thirteen hundred rupees. The policy of life is two hundred and eighty

rupees—that make fifteen hundred and eighty. Then is the commission of Succaram to get the money from his friend, five per cent.—that five hundred rupees ; then my commission is five per cent. to engage the Succaram—total, two thousand five hundred and eighty rupees.”

I gasped for breath—each item filled me with additional consternation. Usurious interest, payable in advance ! commission to *two* rascals, and double payment for the policy ! I could have thrown the money in the fellow’s face. But there was the resolution of self-denial wanting to this effort of indignation. I *pocketed* the outrage, and rose to go away ; I suddenly recollected, however, that all the items of charge had not been included.

“You said total two thousand five hundred and eighty rupees, that would leave me seven thousand four hundred and eighty rupees, whereas you tell me there are but seven thousand four hundred and twenty rupees ?” “Master, the sixty rupees your poor Balcrustna’s expense for going in hackery many times to Succaram house.”

I turned sick, and left the house without saying a word. When I got home, and proceeded to count my monies I found that the necessity had

not stopped short with extortion. There was one rupee deficient, two of the coins present were of domestic manufacture, a compound of the purest lead and a wash of silver, and a fourth had been sweated, as if it could not go the proper pace without judicious training. I am telling the reader a simple fact, and I only hope that it may never be his lot to be obliged to have recourse to the Balcrustnas and Succarams of the Deccan.

There was a proverb once current, that it would take three Jews to make a Genoese, and three Genoese to make the devil. A money-lending Hindoo may be safely backed against the genius of evil himself.

In a day or two after the conclusion of the transaction I have attempted to describe, I went forth to pay some debts. It was early in the morning, and as I crossed the parade ground, I saw the European regiment in full dress, marching to its usual ground, for, as I thought, purposes of review. I stopped for a short time to witness the evolutions, but soon found that the object of assembly was one of a graver nature than the mere pomp and bustle of a field-day. The triangle of halberds was there; the drum

and the drummers in their shirt-sleeves were there ; and there also was the Major in command, with a roll of papers in his hand, and a guarded culprit before him. The regiment had formed three sides of a square. It was a punishment-parade, and a man was about to be flogged. I heard the crime—that of pilfering from a brother soldier—the finding and the sentence read aloud. I saw the man stripped, and heard the drummers receive the usual order to “do their duty.” I turned away, and walked rapidly to the road, but for many seconds I could hear the lash, the tap of the drum, and the groans and shrieks of the sufferer. It was sad and sickening—*but it was necessary.*

No subject in connexion with military discipline has been so much canvassed of late years as the expediency, or otherwise, of abolishing corporal punishment in the British army, and perhaps there is none upon which, to this moment, the opinions of experienced officers are so much divided. The opponents of the system stand upon a kind of 'vantage ground, for they at once enlist the sympathy of the unreflecting and inexperienced by an appeal to the *humanity*

part of the question. There is something revolting to the civilized mind in the idea of a bleeding back, and it is exceedingly difficult to make men believe that a substitute punishment, of which ex-coriation of the cuticle forms no part, is not quite as cruel to the criminal and fruitful of injury to the service. But it is nevertheless true, that the balance of humanity is in favour of the flogging system ; and, as regards the interests of the military community, the advantage of that description of punishment greatly preponderates over every other.

I suppose it to be generally admitted that the human body has not any inherent or prescriptive right to an immunity from torture. I know that the ultra-opponents of flagellation insist that it must be offensive to the Almighty to see His own image insulted and desecrated, and that therefore the use of the whip is an outrage upon religion. But so long as parents whip their children, and the State hangs criminals by the neck until they are dead ; so long as good Catholics shrive themselves, women pierce their ears and lace themselves into deformity, pugilists punch one another until "all is blue," and Pariahs perforate their

sides, backs, and tongues at their Poojah festivals, I am at liberty to assume the liability of the flesh to maltreatment, and, therefore, need ask no concessions whatever.

The body, then, being amenable to chastisement, and such chastisement presenting in many cases a means of communicating with the mind, the only questions for discussion are:—1st, The efficiency of such means of communication;—2d, The possibility of substituting a punishment that shall be equally efficacious, and not so offensive to current prejudices;—3d, The effect of the existence of the penalty of flagellation upon the respectability of the army.

With regard to the first question, I hold it to be an undeniable truth, amounting to an axiom, that all punishments are efficacious which are regarded with sufficient terror to deter men from the commission of crime. The fear of corporal punishment acts in various ways upon various minds. A large proportion of every army consists of extremely ignorant men, of whom it is not too much to say, that the degree of reason with which they are endowed hardly rises superior to the instinct of the quadrupedal part of the animal

creation. With a dulness of perception, and a bluntness of feeling, scarcely to be credited by people of cultivated understandings, they exhibit an utter indifference to every appeal to their pride, their notions of right and wrong, or their sense of professional duty. Their immoral tendencies and insubordinate inclinations are thus only held in control by the acute sense of bodily pain, which they share with the beasts of the field, and hence the salutary influence of corporal punishment as the scarecrow of their irregularities. Upon the better informed and more sensitive classes in the army, *the disgrace* of public chastisement operates as a check to aberrations. They may be indifferent to the physical torture which the lash is capable of inflicting, or able to wind themselves up to a patient endurance of suffering; but the odium of appearing bare-backed before a whole regiment of comrades, and being subjected to a severe punishment, is too much for their pride; and they, therefore, studiously avoid the commission of crimes which expose them to the revolting penalty.

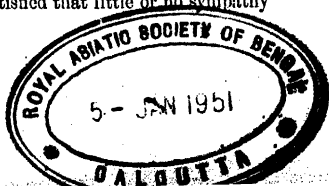
It is true that flagellation does not always act as a preventive, any more than the substitution of

transportation or imprisonment for hanging has diminished the number of convictions for forgery. The hope of escaping discovery, or the impossibility of controlling evil impulses, will always provide a few victims to the law, in spite of the terror a retributive punishment is calculated to inspire. It is as much as can be expected, therefore, that corporal castigation should have a *tendency* to deter men from the commission of crime ; and I think, in this respect, its efficacy, for the reasons I have given, is indisputable. It inspires the rough and uncultivated with an apprehension of bodily pain ; it fills the higher order of soldiers with dread of disgrace.

But there are two objections yet to be disposed of. The advocates of the abolition of flogging in the army assert, that the publicity of the punishment, instead of augmenting the disgrace of the criminal, excites a sympathy in his favour ; while the punishment itself, so far from reclaiming, tends to harden the recipient of the lash. I deny both positions. Setting aside that the private infliction of punishment is revolting to the spirit of the British constitution, as affording a cloak for injustice, I feel satisfied that little or no sympathy

VOL. II.

27961.



is felt for the culprit who has perpetrated one of those offences which well-regulated soldiers hold in utter contempt. The man who has robbed his comrade, fled from his colours, assaulted a superior, or perilled the safety of a camp by yielding to the seductions of liquor while on duty, becomes an object of detestation, whose subjection to the law is viewed without compunction. All thought of the bleeding back is merged in a consideration of the offence to which it is a tribute. As to the effect of the punishment upon the conduct and character of the offender, without asserting that it has never tended to blunt the edge of sensibility, I may be permitted to think that excoriation by the cat-o'-nine-tails is sufficiently painful to render a repetition of the punishment a thing to be carefully avoided. For one man rendered callous, it is not too much to affirm that half-a-dozen are rendered cautious.

But supposing that the arguments against chastisement were permitted to prevail, what substitute punishment—to come to the second part of our inquiry—would be adopted? In the native army in India, dismissal from the service has been provided as a succedaneum, and the effect has been

ludicrous in the extreme. Desertion has certainly become unnecessary, for the dissatisfied soldier has only to pilfer from a brother in arms, or commit some equally odious crime, to be immediately discharged by the sentence of a court-martial. It would be manifestly absurd, therefore, to extend this mode of punishment to the European. Shall solitary confinement, then, be tried? This already exists as a minor or secondary penalty, and is on every ground more objectionable than flogging. If we adopt the idea of the pseudo-philanthropist, who, confounding the degradation of *crime* with the degradation of *punishment*, looks upon it as debasing to a man's nature to be treated like a horse under the lash, we cannot but regard it as even more revolting to his free spirit to be confined like a monkey in a cage. If we deem it oppressive to the feelings of the intellectual and social being to be debarred the pleasure of communion with his fellows, we must not forget that the man whose mind is cast in a ruder mould (and such are the majority of offenders) regards a prison as a species of welcome rustication, the more agreeable from its mere contrast with the noise and devilry of the barracks,

and the listless formalities of parades, guards, and roll-calls. To him, moreover, whose ordinary diet is humble, the regimen of the guard-room or congee-house is no very severe visitation. Increase the severity of the incarceration ; enforce the horrible silent system ; deny the prisoner the privilege of breathing the pure air for an hour *per diem* under the auspices of a sentry ; build your prisons in the circular form, after the ingenious plan of the Grand-Duke Constantine, who found that the prisoner had *too much* entertainment in contemplating the four corners of his dungeon ; manacle your captive ; make confinement really and truly a punishment, instead of a relaxation ; you will then, most undoubtedly, effectually embitter the existence of your victim, destroy his health, perhaps unseat his reason : but what becomes of your asserted *humanity* ? Bah ! And when you have done all this, are you sure that you have not been doing an injustice to the well-conducted soldier outside the prison walls ? Are you sure that you are not imposing upon the State a tax which it did not contemplate in the formation of its army ? Every soldier has an allotted portion of duty to perform, and it not

unfrequently happens that, from a paucity of troops in particular situations, this duty is of so severe a nature, as scarcely to afford the men the luxury of sleeping in their beds above three nights in the week. Withdraw a man—one single man—from his share of the labour, and confine him for a fortnight in a cell, his duty then falls on the well conducted, but already overworked soldier, and three men at least must have the additional labour thrust upon them of keeping guard over the captive, and attending to his wants. He is thus not only rendered unproductive in himself, but the cause of unproductiveness in others. And what is the effect of this mode of punishment upon the minds of other soldiers? Can they enter into his feelings? Are they all capable of estimating the amount of mental agony which they do not—cannot—see, and thence resolve to eschew the offences which lead to such a hideous punishment? Not a bit of it. The imagination must be addressed through the sense of sight or the sense of hearing, and neither of these is operated upon when a man undergoing incarceration is shrouded from view by the walls (a foot deep) of a prison out of earshot.

So much for the cruelty and uselessness of confinement in garrison. How is it in the field? Suppose the army to be in front of the enemy. Not only is it weakened by the number of men withdrawn as prisoners, and as guards of prisoners, but it is harassed by being clogged with an unwieldy burthen,—an excrescence which, taking up the room of a limb, is of no use to the body, while it sucks nourishment therefrom sufficient to sustain a natural and useful member. The most disastrous consequences might be fairly attributable to this cause, and the lives of many be sacrificed to a short-sighted humanity which, it is truly said, often ministers to human misery.

The continental armies—where, by the way, the use of the rattan is common—have a passion for a species of punishment which neither draws blood from the culprit nor deprives the state of his services; but they are, in their way, exceedingly degrading, and would not be accepted by British soldiers as a substitute for the penalties to which they, when guilty of disgraceful crimes, are liable for any consideration that could be named. In some armies men are forced to walk about the barrack-yard with a log at their heels, like stray

donkeys; in others, they are exposed in the stocks or the pillory. Running the gauntlet and drumming out, public deprivation of their uniform, branding, the galleys, the knout, with an infinite variety of minor tortures, distinguish their codes of martial law, leaving the Englishman little reason to blush at the result of a comparison between the foreign and the national service.

Hence it is clear that corporal punishment, while in itself comparatively merciful, is infinitely preferable to other methods of vindicating the law, because it does not involve the loss of the services of other men, or throw upon the innocent and respectable soldier the labour which the disreputable man is engaged and paid to perform.

To come to the third question. Is the respectability of the army asserted by the existence of flagellation?—in other words, is the difficulty of recruiting enhanced by the public knowledge of the means in force to repress military crime? The best answer to this is the fact of there being no deficiency at present, or at any time, even during war, in the number of good soldiers and ~~valuable~~ true in the ranks of the British army. To hesitate about entering a service because of the

penalties attached to professional and other crimes, presupposes a disposition to commit them. The only persons, therefore, who are deterred from embracing it, are the disreputable members of society, who would, at some time or other, become liable to the severer punishment to which criminality in civil life is exposed. As well might it be urged against the hangman's operations, that they deter decent foreigners from coming to England,—as well might it be objected to the guillotine, that it is a bar to our enjoyment of the gaieties of Paris,—as pretend that the punishment of military offences by flogging is an obstacle to the acceptance, by decent, well-disposed people, of the shilling which ratifies the contract between the sovereign and the soldier. If there were a *stigma* attaching to the army because of its penal code,—if the British army were a by-word,—the argument against the peculiar punishment under consideration might be allowed some weight; but when, by the common consent of society, the profession of arms stands higher than any other in existence, even in our commercial community, it is absolute imbecility to suppose that men are deterred from embracing it because of the

method in force for chastising violations of its conditions.

In what I have said above, I have considered the question of corporal punishment with reference to the European troops only, though much of the argument will of course apply to the sepoy also. The experience of nine or ten years, in respect to the latter, might have been supposed conclusive of the propriety of abolishing the penalty in the native army ; but it is *not* so, as the discussions very lately carried on in India sufficiently demonstrate. If the sepoy was obedient and subservient to discipline during the wars in Afghanistan and China,—if he was tolerably steady in garrison for three or four years after the abolition,—he has since then been rebellious in an unparalleled degree, difficult to manage in very many regiments, and has availed himself in a thousand instances of the facility afforded him of getting his discharge by the substituted punishment of dismissal. Old officers declare that Jack Sepoy is not by any means the man he was thirty or forty years ago. And yet, it is to be borne in mind that, coevally with the abolition of corporal punishment, the Government established a system of *rewards for*

good conduct. New titles and orders were created, which, though they cost the State little or nothing, supplied a motive for honourable exertions a thousand times more potent than the terror of the lash.

Let the European soldier be assured that he, too, may rise to commissioned rank, become a bahadur, and wear the order of "British India," or any other that may be created for him, and I will not swear that corporal punishment must be of necessity continued. At present his only stimulus to steadiness is fear.

CHAPTER II.

THE TOCSIN SOUNDED—MILITARY FESTIVITIES—THE BATTLE FOR
THE BOTTLE—A PORTUGUESE WEDDING.

I HAD scarcely been relieved of the pest of small creditors, through the medium of the almost greater pest of borrowing of a Hindoo, when I received orders to join a force that was to assemble at Bombay to chastise the Arabs in the Persian Gulf. It seems that a detachment of troops, consisting of part of a regiment of infantry and a handful of artillery, who had been left in the Persian Gulf to keep the Arabs in awe, and prevent the revival of piracy, were overpowered during a march, and cut to pieces,—none but three officers and the sick soldiers escaping with their lives. For the military errors involved in the careless disposition of the troops, and the subsequent flight, the officers were severally tried by court-martial and *acquitted*; and, therefore, commentary upon the business, even at this distance

of time, would be unjust and out of place ; suffice it, that when the fugitives brought to Bombay the intelligence of the reverse, and the evidence of their own hasty retreat, one universal feeling of consternation pervaded the west of India. Unhappily for the honour of the British army and character, we have of late become somewhat more familiar with such calamities ; but, at the time of which I speak, the page of British Indian history was unblotted by a single record of disgraceful behaviour in the field. Surprise first seized upon the Government—indignation followed ; and the resolution to avenge the blow and vindicate our reputation was the prompt and appropriate sequel. But who can wonder at this ? MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE, the wise, the virtuous, the brave, was then the Governor of Bombay.

The fiery arrow went through the land,—the larum was heard in the Concan, the Deccan, and Guzerat, and troops hastened from the furthest points to muster on the esplanade of Bombay. Five thousand good men and true were formed into a new expedition, and to the gallant Lionel Smith (who died "*Sir* Lionel" and a Governor some twelve years ago) was intrusted the com-

mand of the avenging force. It was a gay and an exciting period. Stronger feelings than the mere love of glory animated every man, from the veteran General to the young recruit. The national honour was in their hands,—the blood of their slaughtered fellow-soldiers flowed in their mind's eye; they were at once to efface the “damned spot” with which the flag was tarnished, and read a fearful lesson to the wild race whose hands were yet red with the gore of massacred hundreds.

Many festivities distinguished the military preparations. Balls and public dinners, where all the various branches of the service met on terms of good fellowship, were given in turn by the different regiments; and I do not think that a very common Indian dinner scene—“*the battle for the bottle*”—was ever so frequently repeated. It was as peculiar to India as it was common there. The soup and fish had been removed,—“*The pleasure of wine with you,*” said, or seemed to say, Lieutenant Y—to an officer of the 65th foot. “Delighted.” “Boy, sherry-shraub,”—(“Servant, bring sherry wine,”) continued the challenger. “*Ahmed,—lall shraub,*”—(“Ahmed, bring claret

or red wine,") said the pledged friend. In a moment the crowd of domestics were in commotion.

Half-a-dozen other hosts had challenged half-a-dozen other guests at one and the same moment ; and as the number of bottles of wine then on the table was only in the proportion of one to four of the people about to drink, three attendants made a grab at each bottle. Buxoo got hold of the neck of one, Sheikh Dulloo grasped its body. "Let go, *haramzaaleh*," exclaimed the former. "No," said the other ; "my Sahib's a great man." "My Sahib gave the order first," rejoined Buxoo. "But my master is drinking with the Colonel Sahib !" replies Dulloo. Ahmed now rushes in with both hands, and gets one on the cork and the other on Buxoo's wrist, and there they go, pulling and hauling, abusing each other, *sotto voce*, heating the bottle, and perilling the wine and their own fingers. Victory at length decided for Buxoo, who, filling his master's glass, gave up the bottle to the first that was at hand to snatch it ; and, after smoothing his ruffled moustaches, calmly folded his arms, and looked around him with the proud and complacent air of a victorious dunghill bantam. He had "fluttered the Vol-

scen," and only awaited a fresh signal to renew the interesting contest. I have witnessed the same scene a hundred times since.

At some of the mess tables, it was common to summon one of the private soldiers, a decent comic singer, to amuse the guests ; some of their ditties were good enough, but they were nothing in comparison to the martial songs which a gallant young staff-officer trolled forth, for these were suitable to the time and the prevailing enthusiasm. One of them, which owes its origin to the muse of M'Naghten, is fresh in my recollection. It was very fine. A trumpeter of the band first blew a blast, and then the songster began :—

RECITATIVE.

Once more the trumpet clangs to war ! That blast is widely heard !
And from its brief repose in peace is the martial spirit stirred ;
The British soldier hears the sound, and rises in his might ;
The Sepoy feels the thrill of joy, and girds him for the fight !

SONG.

We're of those who, with bold Fitzgerald, charged in the Secta-
buldee strife ;
Whom Malcolm headed at Mahidpore, where the doings of death
were rife ;
Of those who, with resolute Staunton, strove against fearful odds
of foes,
What time the Mahratta's banded host on our threatened empire
rose ;

Of those whom victory smiled upon, in the splendour of her reign,
When Ochterlony scaled the heights, and Adams scoured the
plain.

Their spirit in *our* bosoms burns, with its true old loyal flame ;
Upon *us* descends inspiring zeal, the mantle of their fame ;
War-marked like some old battle-flag, in many a bloody fray,
From the famous times of vigorous Clive, to good Lord Hastings'
day ;
Their glory sheds a halo bright all round us, to endure
While we make good the heroic pledge—to keep that glory pure.

With past-born surety of success, and emulous to vie
With those who've done their natural work, though by the strife
we die ;
In joy we hail the approaching hour when we may have to stem
The tide-rush of invading foes* from England's eastern gem ;
When loud and wide shall ring once more, as our war array
we don,
The signal shout at which leaps the blood, " On, on to the battle
—on !"

I had often promised myself the amusement of diving a little into the ways of that singular class who occupy a medium position between the Europeans and the natives of India, who by the intermingling of blood belong to either, but are generally repudiated by both.

They are a poor, but by no means a vicious

* At this time, the probability of an invasion of India by Russia began to be talked of and written about. The advances of Russia against the Persians were considered as a step towards a movement further south and west.

class,—full of loyalty to the British Government, honoured in their paternity, and professing the Christian religion. They are chiefly employed by the Government as clerks; and to distinguish them from the civil servants trained at Haileybury College, are called the "Uncovenanted."

There is something very taking about that title, "Uncovenanted." It speaks of freedom from engagements—a fine independent state of existence which involves no sort of obligation to come or go, to write or talk, at the beck and call of another. Your "covenanted" assistant is, in terms, a species of gentleman-slave, who is bound, hand and foot, to his honourable masters, and dares do nothing that could awaken their displeasure. But the mischief of the comparatively free condition of the "uncovenanted" servant is, that if there be no contract on his part to serve, there is, on the other hand, no obligation on the part of the Government to pay him liberally. While the one, therefore, revels in the liberty of going about his business when he pleases, and is only too happy if he can get fifty rupees *per mensem*, with the prospect of rising to treble the amount after several years of his voluntary service; the other

luxuriates in a golden captivity, beginning upon three hundred rupees and a moonshee, and terminating with 10,000 rupees and a mansion. I suspect—such is the infatuated love of gain that possesses mankind—that the majority of those who work for the Company would prefer the chains, with all their gilding, to the independence of control and its attendant chilling penury.

It was to one of these “uncovenanted” assistants in my own office that I applied for an introduction to the usages of life in a sphere distinct from that in which I moved, and he was only too proud of the opportunity of gratifying me.

Jeffrey Snops was particularly fortunate in the possession of a large circle of acquaintance, and he—but let me describe this notable specimen of his class. Jeffrey was the son of Major Snops, of the —— regiment of Bombay Native Infantry, a gentleman with a protuberant abdomen, a “jolly nose,” limbs of the tobacco-pipe order, and a head which, if the straggling grey hairs without were any indication of the scantiness of the furniture within, would not have been of very material use to the owner if he happened to get himself into a fix. Jeffrey’s mother—

“Oh, no! he never mentioned her”—went in early youth by the pleasant appellation of Beebee Golaub Peerun, and occupied a detached bungalow in the then Lieutenant Snops’s compound at Surat; but when I was at Poonah, she was in the autumn of womanhood, and content, as the begum, to waddle about the veranda of the Major’s house, abuse *her cousin*, the old khausumah, (who, the scandalous subs in the regiment *did* say, was a “gay young fellow” in his hot youth,) and make particularly hot pickles, and exceedingly pleasant hookah tobacco. Jeffrey had, about five years previously, emerged from one of the academic establishments in the island of Bombay, where, for the peculiar grace of his pot-hooks and hangers, the extent of his acquaintance with the History of England, and the comparative facility with which he had got over the difficulties of Lindley Murray’s Etymology, Syntax, and Prosody, he had received a prize in the shape of Enfield’s *Speaker*, bound in calf, and a distinct expression of approbation from the senior chaplain, who presided at the annual examination of Mr. Thomas Boyce’s pupils. Introduced by his father to Captain

James, who had often hunted pigs and shot crows in company with the lieutenant, Jeffrey was not long in obtaining a situation as a copyist.

Death and the pension list soon made a vacancy in the more responsible offices, and Jeffrey, having stuck as steadily to his caligraphy as the various temptations and allurements with which his youth was beset would allow, felt himself entitled to ask for promotion, and an "increase" of salary. His request was complied with, and I found him installed as second clerk in the office. Jeffrey's habits were very regular. He rose early, took a constitutional in *mufti* up and down his veranda, and on the days when the *Bombay Courier* came in, glanced over its luminous pages with rapidity, lest one of the quintette who shared the subscription with him should send for it before he, Jeffrey, had read the letters of SCRUTATOR and CRITES. Snops then devoted a quarter of an hour to an examination of his interesting features in a looking-glass twelve inches by six, wondering what singular property in the reflector gave to his head the shape of a fiddle, and to his fine black eyes a fearful strabismus. He next tootled for half an

hour upon a one-keyed flute, and then proceeded to Adonize.

Notwithstanding all that some writers have said about a physical aristocracy—an air of refinement—which is perceptible under the veriest rags, I am entirely of opinion, with Bob Acres in the *Rivals*, that dress “*does* make a difference.” Who that ever contemplated my friend Snops in his dark pyjamas and seedy banyan, would now recognise him in the costume which, after half an anxious hour passed at the toilette, adorned his person and qualified him for the day’s work? His bushy black hair, scientifically greased and combed over the right side of his forehead, terminated in a killing curl, as large as a half-crown piece; an incipient downy moustache relieved the effeminacy of his upper lip, while a miniature imperial supported the lower part of the mouth; and an ample shirt collar, encircled by a kerchief of black, yellow, or sky-blue silk, fell from his neck, and furnished, with a jacket of purest white nankeen, a powerful contrast to the brilliancy of his figured-velvet waistcoat, which in its turn was rivalled by a pinchbeck chain, as long as the American sea-serpent, twisted through divers button-holes and

across waistcoat pockets. The waistcoat was succeeded by a pair of tight-fitting unutterables, exhibiting the contour of a leg eminently calculated to excite the jealousy of a Bengal *hargeelah*. His hat, ye gods !—what a hat ! A chimney pot would have been a better title for it. The brim was of the narrowest, contrasting powerfully with the extraordinary altitude of the crown ; and the nap—like that which a chief-mate takes upon his watch, or a soldier on sentry—something of the shortest. Jeffrey placed it gently on one side, giving it very much the appearance of the leaning tower of Pisa, and thus attired, was wont to sally forth. I pass over his manner of skipping over the highways and threading the narrow lanes of the town, for I might be tempted into digressions regarding sundry visits, and perhaps tell how completely more than one heart had been caught, captivated, and charmed, by his irresistible dress and bewitching address. He reaches office, plods at his work, which, in his eyes, rivalled in consequence the labours of a statesman ; and returned home in the evening to discuss a curried fowl and a glass of very weak brandy-and-water, preparatory to the pleasures of a tea-party.

Jeffrey, as I have said, had a large circle of acquaintances ; and as I wished to see something of the humbler classes of society at Poonah, he proposed to introduce me to his principal friends. An opportunity presented itself soon afterwards. There was to be a wedding in a Portuguese family with which Jeffrey was on terms of peculiar intimacy, and he had asked and obtained leave to bring me as one of the guests.

The Portuguese of Western India are a curious race of people. Mrs. Postans has described their leading attributes with much truth and pleasantry ; but the details of their lives remain to be described.

Descended from the intrepid settlers in Western India, of whose deeds they have an amusing variety of traditions, they claim to be regarded as a few degrees above the natives in order of civilisation ; and in their attempts at European costume, the adoption of the Roman Catholic forms, and the use of the Portuguese tongue, carry about them the badges of an origin of which they are not a little proud, without exactly knowing why. But their religion and language all bear strong traces of the truth of the apophthegm regarding

“evil communications.” The one is a compound of Hindoo superstitions and Catholic principles ; the other a medley of jargons, in which Hindostanee, Guzerattee, and Portuguese, struggle for mastery. I remember once in my rambles about Poonah being attracted to a large building, within which a great number of cooks, clerks, butlers, sutlers, and all their families, were assembled. The quadrangle within the building was lined with seats, and a canopy of thin coarse cloth was spread over the centre. Pieces of bamboos, covered with fancy paper, stuck round the ground, supported earthen salvers for lights. In the centre of the square, a salver, larger than the rest, contained four or five lighted wicks. On one side, a group of native songsters were vociferating a song, to the words of which the party listened with great interest, and occasionally responded in terms of satisfaction or the reverse. Asking the reason of the assembly, I was informed that Mr. Fernandes was about to be married to Miss Gomes, and that the vocalists were invoking “Sootee Peer,” to ascertain if the first fruit would be a son or a daughter ; but that the desired information would not be forthcoming before three or four in

the morning. Here we had a graft of the superstition of the idolater upon the religion of the Christian. The language of Lusitania is equally corrupted. "*Toom atcha, mame ?*" asks a Feringhee of one of his female acquaintances ; and the answer is, "*Bhoot atcha, gracia Deos ; vosse tem bon ?*"

To the wedding of Mr. Pereira and Miss Cactano. At the appointed hour Jeffrey arrived. I had not quite completed my toilette, and he very obligingly employed the time, while, like another Brummel, I was wasting my ingenuity in failures to adjust my cravat, by describing to me the *modus operandi* in all cases of Indo-Portuguese marriage.

"As soon," said he, "as a girl is considered of sufficient age to superintend a household, and take upon herself maternal responsibilities, *i.e.*, as soon as she has reached the discreet and sober age of thirteen, a select committee of sages and *commadres* (female friends of the girl's mother) assembles to discuss the relative merits and pretensions of the various 'ingenuous youth' who enjoy the honour of their acquaintance. The circle, generally speaking, is not so large as to

render selection a matter of fearful difficulty ; still, there are often as many as a dozen ‘ eligibles,’ and from these it is usual, after a careful weeding, to choose some three or four, whose names are accordingly submitted to the priest of the district, that he may determine the individual upon whom the honour of becoming Missy’s husband should fall. The padre sets about the inquiry very conscientiously. He considers three qualifications for the husband to be indispensable,—firstly, he must be a good and zealous Catholic ; secondly, he must be a youth of a good disposition ; thirdly, (this might have come first,) he should not only have the means of paying for masses, candles, and chimes, but there must be no question about his capacity and inclination for a special remuneration of his reverence, to say nothing of a *novena*, and grand display of fire-works and illumination lamps. The choice being determined, the fortunate youth is apprized of his great good luck, (though, perhaps, he had never dreamed before of the honour intended him,) and a day is fixed for his introduction to his *futur*. This ceremony generally occurs at a tea-party, at which tinsel crowns, decorated with the *mogree*, or Indian jessamine, are

presented to the youth, who places one upon the head of his *inamorata*, she returning the compliment. This, the *crowning* act of betrothal, is accompanied by a flourish of music, and the mellifluous voices of the *tumasha wallahs*, who form the band. Vigorously they scrape and yell to the applauding echoes of the company, who shout '*wah ! wah !*' or, '*capaz excellente !*', according as their habits and language partake of the Hindoo or the Portuguese. The worthy priest is fluent in the distribution of compliments and words of encouragement ; but as the effort has the peculiar effect of parching the palate, he is not inattentive to the propriety of perpetually moistening it with tumblers of Hodgson, and *brandy pawnee*. Then the father of the destined bridegroom, approaching a sideboard, and grasping a bottle of sour sherry, demands a bumper to the *noiva* and *noivo*, which being drunk, with an infinite number of bows, and good wishes, and shakes of clammy hands, the youth produces a ring from the recess of his pocket, and places it on the finger of the blushing betrothed. The priest then quaffs a '*doch an dorroch,*' and repeating, '*Guarde Deos muitas annos,*' takes his departure.

“The remainder of the day is spent by the old folks in gossip, the hookah, and the application of moisture to the thirsty lips, while the ‘young people’ get into a corner and go through the ceremony of making love,—for a ceremony it is among the Indo-Portuguese, and nothing more. The gentleman will, perhaps, commence with a ‘*Eao ta amma por vosse merito bellamente, Miss,*’ (You are very nice, I will marry you,) to which she replies, ‘*Chee!*’ He rejoins, ‘*Toom burra acha, Miss! Hum sadee kurreega toomara wastee!*’ This pleases her rather better, because she understands it more clearly; but with the coquetry peculiar to her sex in all countries, she averts her head and mutters, ‘*Toom ka boltee ho?*’ (What are you saying?)—and so the nonsense goes on. This sort of thing lasts for six days; on the seventh the wedding takes place. It is a day of great rejoicing, and that it may be all the longer, operations commence with the dawn. First, a roasting pig is killed,—then the *madrinahs*, or bridesmaids arrive,—then come the mothers of families, most of whom have, for this occasion, donned black silk petticoats and veils, and decorated their persons with all the jewellery

they possess. Their children accompany the latter, and help to augment the uproar which now distinguishes the house. The bridesmaids equip the bride. Poor thing!—it is a serious operation. She has, perhaps, never worn a pair of stays nor shoes all her life,—now she is to be laced up in the one, and pinched by the other. Her movements indicate her agony, for her face is concealed by a veil, the gift of the bridegroom; but her speech is made up of phrases suited to the occasion, all expressive of the intensity of her delight at the prospect opening before her. She is led to church,—a fine male-child having previously been put into her lap, by way of propitiation. At the entrance of the church she meets the bridegroom and his friends,—the party range themselves in files, and, decorated with tinsel, proceed up the aisle.

“The ceremony is soon performed, and back the whole party go to eat of a dinner, at which there are, probably, not less than one hundred dishes. What follows we shall see.”

By the time Jeffrey had finished his description he had achieved a *tie* that D’Orsay might have envied, and taking his arm I proceeded to Percira’s.

As we entered the veranda of the bungalow, which formed a sort of antechamber, and was lighted with oil in tumblers reposing in bell-shaped hanging lamps, we were met by Mr. Pereira, who politely invited us to take a glass of wine, or brandy and water. To the introduction of Jeffrey he responded by taking my hand and assuring me he was "too glad" to see me, &c. I went into the "hall," as it is the custom to call the largest room in a bungalow, and there found forty couples dancing furiously to the tune of *Mrs. Macleod*,—the gentlemen (nine-tenths of whom were dark) in white jackets or blue cloth coats of all fashions, from the days of George Selwyn to those of George IV.; and the ladies in pink or sky-blue crape, or yellow silk, with cotton gloves, and pink, blue, or white kid shoes to match. "*Hands cross, Missy Gomes—that right!*" "*Now make right-left, Fernando,*"—and similar directions were given by a plump gentleman in a violent state of perspiration, as he tore down the middle with the agonized bride, followed by an Irish clerk to the commissioner, dragging after him a girl (a mere child) whom he was to lead to the altar (!) a few days afterwards.

I pause here to express my astonishment that a Government, so entirely despotic as that of British India, so interested, at the same time, in the increase and efficiency of the Christian population, which is for the most part in the public service, has not ere this passed some law for the restrictions of marriages at so very early an age as thirteen or fourteen, amongst the Portuguese, country born and Europeans. However well supplied the "market" for the upper classes may be, it rarely happens that a spinster of the humbler grades finds her way to India at that period of life when she would be a desirable wife for a young man in a corresponding position.

The consequence is, that the uncovenanted assistants, for the most part, seek partners for life amongst the daughters of men in their own class, such as clerks, conductors, serjeant-majors, small trades people, pilots, &c., and as personable girls in this condition of society are rare, the aspirant to the dignity of husband pays his court as soon as the child is entering into girlhood, lest she should be carried away by some other competitor before she reaches maturity. A body of wives is thus created who have scarcely even a physical

qualification for the serious responsibilities devolving on them. Mentally, they are of the lowest degree of intelligence, their ability just reaching to the composition of a curry, and their knowledge of the service of needlework being generally limited to the hemming of a pocket handkerchief. If they can read decently, write legibly, and spell with an approach to correctness, they are enabled to keep the bazar and washerwoman's account, but they seldom employ their literary talents upon any other service. Their conversation is necessarily dull, for the range of their subjects is confined to the cautionment in which they have been brought up, and their affections or inclinations being seldom consulted in the matter of marriage, they become, to their husbands, little better than legalized concubines. To their children—and it is really shocking to think how often such young and delicate creatures become mothers before they are fifteen—they are nurses, and but little more; for it is impossible they should teach when they have not been taught, or offer examples of virtue when their own lessons have been derived from scenes of iniquity. Large families, ignorance, poverty, and infidelity, are the common results of

unions of this nature ; and the European, degenerating by low associations, vulgar habits, and the shifts to which penury drives him, becomes to the Government a tame spiritless servant, instead of the active and energetic being he might be rendered if restraint were put upon his facilities of saddling himself with an awful burthen at the outset of his career.

To return. The dance was continued with unabated vehemence until midnight, when supper was laid out in the veranda, and all the guests fell to with an energy and perseverance of which the Mansion House or the London Tavern can furnish no parallel. The clatter and jingle of plates and glasses continued for half an hour, at the end of which his reverence rose and addressed the assembly, much after this fashion :—

“ My dear Bredren,—I very happy for dis business. De bride and bridegroom excellent peoples. Dey love each oder very moche, so deir marriage is good, and dey get plenty children. God bless—dey go every *Domingo* to mass, and pray God. If not make pray, den all go to debil, and no can see de purgatorio. Deir fader and moder is de good peoples, (*loud cheers.*) I know

dem many years in Peshwa's time, and before dat, in Salsette. I knew deir grandfader and grandmoder. Now is de good health of all company, and I drink tre time tre."

This was the signal for uproarious mirth; the band resumed its labours, the younger part of the company rose and recommenced their galloping about the room, while the serious remained to comfort the inner man until they could just see to make their way to their palanquins.

A day or two after this affair I left my P. P. C. with a hundred friends, and proceeded to Bombay to join the expedition under Sir Lionel Smith.

CHAPTER III.

THE ARABS OF THE PERSIAN GULF—THE RETURN TO INDIA—
FIELD-SPORTS—RUNAWAY ELEPHANTS.

THERE is no class of warrior in India so worthy of the steel of an Englishman as an Arab. The fierce and independent nature of the child of the desert, and his firm belief in destiny, coupled with a lively prospect of beatitude in the society of countless houris, nerves him in the hour of struggle. Holding flight disgraceful, he rushes on the bayonet of his foe, content to meet death if at the moment of receiving his own wound he can inflict mortal injury upon his antagonist.

The expeditions to the Gulf of Persia in 1820 illustrated this desperate courage. Rushing into our encampment at night—a perfect case of surprise—they laid about them with fearful energy; and when, after driving them out, we met them in the field on the morrow, they rushed upon our Sepoys with their two-edged swords, and fell locking their adversaries in a deadly gripe.

Major-General Sir Lionel Smith, a stern but kind-hearted old soldier, settled accounts with the piratical scoundrels very satisfactorily, and we were back at Poonah in a very few months, the General taking the command of the division. Here I resumed my duties in the districts, varying them with the sports of the chase, and occasionally obtaining leave of absence to get a little tiger hunting.

Shooting the tiger from a howdah is, as I have elsewhere remarked, poor sport in comparison with hog hunting, but it has its excitements, arising mainly out of disagreeable occurrences, and these, to an enthusiastic temperament, are often as acceptable as adventures free from risk and annoyance. I could fill a chapter with a catalogue of nuisances, chiefly springing from the timid, or obstinate, or vicious character of the elephant on which a sportsman is necessarily mounted.

Of all miseries that can attend a sportsman fond of tiger shooting, a runaway elephant is the most abominable. I pity the man mounted on one. I would not wish my bitterest enemy to be in a worse predicament than riding a real runaway brute—that the moment it hears a rush in

the jungle, turns, and runs five miles straight on end, over and through every obstacle like a flying Dutchman on a steam ship. Those not strangers to suffering of this sort can only appreciate the calamitous situation of others, although to lookers on it is in general a most laughable affair. How delightful ! immediately after you start her the first time, in high hopes of good sport, at the commencement of a shooting party, for your elephant beginning to kick up a *shindee* in passing the trail of a jackal which had been prowling about the camp during the night, giving you timely notice of what may be expected. Happy is the man who has another elephant at command on which to shift his howdah : but wo betide the wretch who is obliged to put up with what chance has thus provided him. Shortly after, a hare is started from its form ; round goes the elephant, frightened to death, assailed by abuse and blows from his mahout, while a tittering laugh, but half suppressed, is heard along the whole line. The jungle is entered, and the beating fairly commences. Our friend is now seen *skying* in and out from one end to the other, every one trying to avoid him ; for *funk* among elephants is catching, the same

as among two-footed and other animals ! sometimes he will be seen making a dash to the front ; and if the unhappy rider happen to get a shot at a deer or other animal, what a jerk he immediately experiences in the howdah from the sudden twist to the right-about which the elephant instantly takes, with a roar that makes the welkin ring again ; our friend's hat is thrown off and trampled in the mud a couple of feet deep, the frightened animal kicking it to pieces from sheer funk. Scenes like this follow each other the whole day, and the sportsman returns without one head of game falling to his gun, with his bones aching from repeated jolts in the howdah. It is of no use ; far better, my friend, to stay in your tent and superintend the preparation of dinner for the party, than essay shooting from an elephant that has this failing.

I have often thought there was something unaccountable in the conduct of elephants, in the way they sometimes behave themselves in the presence of the *enemy*. I know elephants that were famous for their steadiness, have been wounded repeatedly, and still stood as firm as ever, all at once, without any apparent cause,

with the very same mahout under whom they conducted themselves well, become utterly unmanageable. One of them I have my eye upon, actually runs about as if distracted the moment it is aware you are beating for tigers; and another dashes about, sometimes running away, and sometimes charging the moment you come upon one, although it beats very well. Elephants falling off this way is by no means uncommon. I have known repeated instances of it; and, on the other hand, I have also known elephants that were notorious cowards, all of a sudden become stanch, and prove themselves first-rate tiger hunters, and with the same mahout too.

With an obedient, tractable, good-natured female elephant, a great deal depends on the mahout. An elephant of this description will scarcely ever think of differing in opinion from its driver, and will stand or run just as wished. Male elephants, in general, are not to be so much depended upon, they have a will of their own, and when once a bad habit has unfortunately been induced, there is but a small chance of retrieving them. But a large strong elephant, whether male or female, if stanch, is to be

preferred, as enabling you to get quickly through ground, where a small animal would make but slow progress with a heavy howdah on its back.

Many elephants will stand the charge of a tiger, coming down through jungle partially or wholly concealed, that would turn tail, if the same occurred in open ground from a distance where the elephant had a good view of his opponents. The lion hunting in the Buthee country near Hansi constantly afforded instances of this, and the most unexceptionable elephants thought it no dishonour to have sometimes recourse to the discretionary part of valour on these occasions, by giving the lion a wide berth. I recollect that the best elephants from Bengal, famous as stanch against tigers, were found occasionally to flinch when tried against the lions in Candcish.

There is another fault not yet noticed which some elephants have, and that is *clubbing*; when danger is nigh, one elephant runs in upon another with his trunk concealed below; sometimes it gets infectious, and all the elephants of a party will get clubbed and jammed together like a drove of village pigs attacked by dogs; this

generally happens when a tiger is in very thick jungle and fights low, occasionally making sudden attacks; scratching legs and trunks, sometimes on one part of the line, and sometimes on another. A tiger in this way runs the gauntlet down the whole line, scarcely missing an elephant—this often occasions a general alarm when *clubbing* is the consequence, for

“Courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.”

A phalanx, or *gole*, of elephants are most formidable in this way, and instinct has taught them this formation, the same as buffaloes and many other descriptions of animals, which they retain even in a domestic state. In passing deep rapids, elephants like to keep close together, and it is as well to allow them to do so, as they afford each other support and confidence.

On all occasions of attacking a wild elephant that is vicious and is to be destroyed, the whole of the elephants should be kept as close together as possible, the howdah elephants in front, and pads in the rear, all touching upon each other; when near the wild elephant this should be the order

of attack and movement of every kind ; for any elephant singly would be perfectly at the mercy of the *Alid*, and if unhappily noticed would be destroyed, while, if good order is kept, it is not likely he will charge home, but sheer off when he finds his attempt to bully and frighten has not succeeded.

If you are so unfortunate as to find yourself mounted on an elephant that will not go up to a tiger a second time after he has made one charge, the best plan is to go off to the right or left some distance, making sundry turnings, so as to endeavour to get the elephant to forget the localities, (for on these occasions they are as stubborn as Paddy's pig,) and gradually to come round and down on the tiger in a different direction ; by this means your elephant may be cheated into a second approach : but great caution should be taken to prevent his finding out your intentions, and confusion, with hurried and loud talking, tend much to keep up his alarm. If the elephant will not go up to the tiger at all in the first place, it is a bad case altogether, and scarcely any shift will do ; by constantly teasing him, in making repeated attempts, he will at last lose his temper,

and along with that, part of his discretion ; and may then either run home to the tents in spite of the mahouts, or be induced to charge slap up to the tiger to pay him off in his own fashion. The best plan is to sit down in the howdah, and look out for a shot (a bad one it will be at the best ; but how often do shots tell by mere chance, which we dared not even to hope for !) as you pass the tiger, who generally gets alarmed, and walks off to one side with his tail between his legs when he finds himself so desperately charged. Standing up in a howdah on these occasions is generally impracticable, and you are liable to be thrown out, if not seriously injured in it by jolts. It will be found the best general rule, when a tiger has made good his charge and fixed himself on your elephant, to sit down and use your lightest gun with your right hand, holding well on by the howdah with your left ; if the elephant comes down and rolls about, it will be as much as you can do to keep in the howdah ; hold on with both hands, and trust to a merciful Providence for the issue of the event. What with the enraged tiger, and the balls from your friend's gun, you are in no very enviable position.

Those who have never ridden a perfect elephant can have no idea of the advantages a sportsman possesses in shooting from one, compared with one untrained. Some sportsmen will not allow their elephant to be stopped to get the shot, but let him proceed on his usual pace. If an elephant is well broken in, I think it as good a plan as making him stand, which often takes such a long time that you lose your distance. But a thoroughly broken elephant ought to stand of his own accord the instant he hears (and his ears are remarkably good) the slightest motion in the grass, or, if you are bird-shooting, the rustling of a wing—thus giving as steady a shot as if on *terra firma*, and never too late. You will often find your elephant aware of game in your immediate neighbourhood before yourself; for when he stops, you may be as sure of him as a pointer. I am often surprised none of our noblemen at home ever think of using an elephant for shooting from.

There are other minor faults besides those I have mentioned, such as coming down on the knees when charged and charging in return, both bad enough when too much indulged in; but there

is no doubt that these, and other bad qualities I have noticed, may be eradicated by patience and gentle treatment, coupled with other means tending to accustom them to the smell of tigers, by feeding them off a tiger skin, and to be near all sorts of animals without excitement, and so by degrees gaining confidence ; for the old *saw*, that reason can do more than blind force, is literally true in managing an elephant.

A bad mahout may in one day ruin a good elephant, particularly if its temper and disposition are not exceedingly good ; and when anything of the kind is observed, the man should be immediately changed, for this is a matter which cannot be amended ; if your mahout has done so intentionally, he is a rascal ; and if he has done it from constitutional weakness of the nerves, he is equally unfit to be retained.

My memory is not very retentive regarding the scenes and events which distinguished the hundred and one tiger hunts in which it has been my fortune to be engaged ; but there was one occurrence of so romantic and melancholy a character, that it made too deep an impression to be readily effaced. I committed the facts to paper at the

time, and it is not impossible that they may interest others as much as they did myself.

It was about ten o'clock, in the morning of a bright and sunny March day, that our party, consisting of a dozen elephants, with three howdahs, entered a long and narrow strip of partially burnt grass jungle, bounded on the left by a deep and almost perpendicular bank of dry nullah, thickly overgrown with stunted trees, brushwood, and reeds, and rendered still more difficult by certain dry water-courses that intercepted it, and on the right by an extensive and bare plain. The heat, which would otherwise have been unpleasant, perhaps, for none of the party used chattahs, was relieved by a gentle breeze which just ruffled the tops of the grass, but not sufficiently to cause any difficulty to the sportsmen in marking the track of any game that might start. A few hog, deer, and hares, were strapped upon the pads of two or three of the beating elephants, and these, with some black partridges and chicore, and a brace of florican, constituted the morning sport of the party, who were apparently bent at present upon the pursuit of noble game, for the occasional intelligence of the mahouts, that a deer or a

partridge had started, was listened to by their masters in apathetic silence ; at last, when they had beaten more than half way through, the gentleman who occupied the back seat of the howdah, on the extreme right of the line, broke the silence by addressing the party in front of him as follows :—

“ I say, old fellow, this is all very well, and quite according to rule, I know ; but I really think you are destroying your own sport by allowing such quantities of game to pass by unfired at ; for after all, it is very doubtful whether you may find what you are looking for, as you have no ‘ *pucka theekana*,’ and then where are you ?”

“ Confound you and your *pucka theekana* !” replied the party addressed, who was no other than the author of this retrospection. “ Will you never learn to leave off interlarding your dialogue with those vile vernacular phrases, which are as much out of place as a bear would be in a ball-room ? Would not ‘ exact intelligence’ serve your turn and express your meaning as well as ‘ *pucka theekana* ?’ But no, you are as vain of your proficiency as a young Pleb just returned from the grand tour, and as incorrigible as a fashionable novelist.”

"Well, well, I'll amend all that some of these days ; but only just look at that beautiful buck ! By Jove, I'll have a rap at him !"

"You'll just have the goodness to put that rifle down again, unless you intend to singe off the only whisker that you've left me," said I, laying my hand upon the barrel which he had poked in a very ominous manner over my left shoulder.

"Now I declare its very unkind of you to persist in wearing that one whisker, and to be always thrusting it in my teeth in this way. Suppose I did singe off the other with the priming of my gun, you know I promised to be more careful in future, and you said that you would shave it off."

"Ay, truly, but I did not say when, and promises, like pie-crusts, you know, are made to be broken, as you exemplified just now, when you so thoughtlessly wanted to fire over my shoulder at the buck ; and now listen to my refutation of your theory as to the destruction of our own sport by the course we are adopting. The great portion of the game we are now starting will not quit this cover, for the simple reason that the jungle all round being burnt, there is no other near at hand for them to escape to ; and, if we are unsuccessful

in the grand object of our quest, at which I should be surprised, for I look upon this beat as an almost certain find, we will revenge ourselves upon them on our way home ;—so keep your eyes open, and your mouth closed, and, on our return, I may be tempted to yield you the front seat and the use of my artillery, when, if you acquit yourself well, that is to say without hitting any of your friends or their elephants, I'll shave off *the* whisker which I have hitherto worn, as a memento of your prowess, and consign that little mistake to oblivion."

Having thus delivered myself of my sentiments to my young friend Wallis, who, as the reader will perceive, was a complete greenhorn, but whom I had been induced, by virtue of many promises of care and caution, to allow to accompany me in the capacity of acting sickligur for the day, I proceeded to puff my cheroot in silence till I was roused by an exclamation from Staunton, who was in the centre of the line, and who never smoked.

"Faugh! what a smell! May I never sniff 'extrait de jasmin' again, if it is not worse than being to leeward of the denizens of Cockaigne, on

their way to their dancing-master's ball and supper.—Tickets, three and sixpence !”

“ Ah !” said I, throwing away the end of my cheroot, “ that’s the disadvantage of not smoking. Now these sort of scents never affect,—eh ! by Jingo !” and here I snuffed up the morning air which, though coming from the sweet south, had certainly not been wafted o’er a bed of violets. “ Yes, I rather think, nay, I am almost certain, I smell *tigers*,—look at the elephants too !

“ *Tigers ! ay, tigers !* male and female, and here or hereabouts have they made their love bower ;—so look out, for they are skeary brutes, and don’t like to be disturbed in their soft dalliance any more than we do.”

“ Whe—— !” whistled Mr. Moses Perch, long and shrilly from his station, on the bank of the Nullah, and his whistle was accompanied, rather than followed, by the report of his gun. The next moment a magnificent tigress broke cover, about fifty yards in front of him. Crack ! went my gun ; it was a miss, but a good enough shot, for the bullet fell the least in the world ahead of her, (in a direct line,) dashing the earth and dust up into her face. She swerved, and Staunton’s ball catch-

ing her at that instant in the hind quarters, she paused and eyed us for a moment,—it was but for one moment, and the next she charged right down at him in all the pride of her strength and fury ; but she had one to deal with who was too used to such sort of work to be discomposed for a second at what would have shaken the nerves of many less experienced persons. Quietly raising his gun, he allowed her to come within a few yards of his elephant, and then, when her next spring would have brought her almost upon him, he touched the fatal trigger, and she rolled over with a broken back, roaring dreadfully.

“Well done !” exclaimed I, “very neatly done, indeed, and you calculated the distance to a single turn. Now, Master Wallis, put a finishing bullet through her head, and then you will be able to say that you have killed your first tiger.”

“Stay !” said Staunton, who was quietly reloading his gun, “don’t kill the varmint yet ; she can do no harm ; and I should like to watch her impotent fury for a little, and it will be a new sight to Wallis.”

“Yes, yes ; don’t kill her yet,” said the latter. “What a rage she is in ! Let’s tease her ;” and

he commenced pelting her with some wild plums that he had plucked. "Oh! you devil," he went on, "I must get down, and have a look at you closer;" and he was proceeding to do so when I caught him by the arm. "Are you mad?" said I.

"Why?" replied he; "what harm can she do with a broken back? besides, I'll take a gun."

"If you are not tired of your life," said Staunton, very composedly, hammering at a tight bullet that had stuck near the muzzle of his gun, "you will just stay where you are, and take it once for all as a rule, and one of primary importance too in sporting, never to dismount yourself, nor allow any of the natives to do so, while one spark of life remains in the carcase of a tiger."

"But where on earth is Perch?"

"There he is; but he has either got into an impracticable place, or his division of the elephants have got frightened at the noise this beast is making, and have clubbed."

"Oh," said Staunton, taking a rapid and keen glance at our friend, who was evidently in a dilemma, "or they have started the male, and that joined to this has been too much for them."

"If so, we shall have him here in a trice, to

see what his deary is making all this hubbub about. We had better settle her at once, any how." I was proceeding to do so, when a "Look out!" from Wallis, followed instantly by a thundering roar, which made my elephant swerve right round, threw me completely off my balance, and, by the time we got round again, the tiger was fairly ensconced, spreadeagle fashion, on Staunton's elephant's head. Now followed a scene of confusion such as those only who have borne a part in one similar can appreciate, and which almost baffles description. My elephant had become too unsteady for me to fire under any circumstances; many of the pad elephants fairly took to their heels, screaming with fear. Staunton's elephant went down on its knees, trying to crush its assailant, and rolling so heavily from side to side that one of the doors of the howdah was dashed open, the guns flying about from side to side; and Staunton was only able to retain his position by dint of great muscular exertion. Mr. Perch was coming up as fast as his unwilling elephant would allow him to do, when one of Staunton's guns was dashed from the howdah, and was discharged, by the violence of the shock, in his direction.

"Belay firing there," shouted Perch, ignorant of its being an accident.

"Hold on like grim death!" I exclaimed; "this cannot last much longer."

Poor Wallis was in a sad way; and what with the growling and roaring of tigers and elephants, Staunton's danger, and the inability of Perch (who had got tolerably near by this time) and me to render him any assistance, small wonder at it. At last both tiger and elephant ceased hostilities, apparently by mutual consent, the latter rising and bolting off to the right, and the former picking himself up with undiminished ferocity glaring from his eye-balls, though it was quite evident that the fight was completely taken out of him, for he gasped for breath, and absolutely staggered. It may readily be supposed that Perch and I did not give him leisure to recover, and he was dead ere Staunton had time to return to the field of battle.

"Rather warm work, eh?" said Perch, addressing the latter.

"Yes, I calculate, as brother Jonathan would say, this beats Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego to immortal smash; but it is all over now, thank God!"

But Staunton arrived at this conclusion a little too soon, for Perch and his mahout, who did not know that the tigress was not yet dead, got their elephant's stern close to her head, a slight which she revenged by laying hold of the hind leg of the animal on which they rode. Another pretty holla-baloo would have ensued, but Perch was furious as soon as he discovered the state of affairs, and, with a brief "Your sowl to the devil!" addressed either to his mahout, the tigress, or to both, he shot her through the neck, and killed her on the spot. The shades of evening had closed over us, the dinner things had been removed, and the glass circulated gaily, while, for the twentieth time, we fought the battle of the morning over again, as we sat round the little table in our tent. As two of the best howdah elephants had been put. "*hors de combat*" in the late skirmmage, it had been finally arranged that we were to break up our camp and return to our respective homes next morning. Perch had been very particularly facetious, Wallis in the highest spirits, and Staunton, at all times the life and soul of the society in which chance threw him, had been unusually entertaining. Suddenly he

relapsed into silence, and appeared lost in reverie ; the example was contagious, and by degrees a profound quiet reigned where but a few minutes before all had been noisy mirth and glee. To account for this might be difficult in the absence of any apparent reason for it, except, perhaps, the satiety of enjoyment ; be that as it may, the contrast was far from pleasing, and I believe the relief was general, when Perch rallied, filled his glass, and called on Staunton for a song.

“ A song !” said the latter quietly and impressively. “ Alas ! my singing days are nearly over. But be it as you will. Shall it be original, or — ?”

“ Original,” we all exclaimed, and taking a guitar from a chair, he struck a few preliminary chords, and sung to a wild mountain air the following :—

“ Hark to yon sound, as it echoes around !
’Tis the crack of the rifle borne over the lea ;
List, list the hunter’s horn, from yonder forest borne,
Sounding our tryste ’neath the greenwood tree.
Sons of the mountain, the forest, the valley,
Lovers of Nature, O, come one and all !
Round the old oak in a body let’s rally,
Answering nobly the hunter’s call.

“ See from the mountains our bands are descending ;
These from the valley mark their long line ;

Some 'neath the weight of the slaughtered game bending,
 Others wreath chaplets and flowers entwine.
 There 'neath the greenwood tree, as they shout merrily,
 There shall the king of the forest be crowned ;
 And while we gaily sing, loud shall the welkin ring
 With our shouts, as the wine-cup sparkles round.

" Honour and praise, long happy days,
 To the beautiful queen of our forest fête ;
 Maidens, advance, join in the dance,
 Partners your fair hands impatiently wait.
 These are the joys of a hunter's life,
 Nature and sport form his chief delights ;
 Knows he not anger, nor rage, nor strife,
 Care-worn days, nor unquiet nights.

" Then hark to the sound, as it echoes around !
 'Tis the crack of the rifle borne over the lea ;
 List, list the hunter's horn, from yonder forest borne,
 Sounding our tryste 'neath the greenwood tree."

As he concluded, he rose abruptly, replaced the guitar on the chair whence he had taken it, and quitted the tent, while our thanks were yet upon our lips.

" Something is wrong with Staunton to-night," said Perch ; " the dark fit is coming upon him again."

" The dark fit !" exclaimed Wallis.

" Nay, nay," I replied ; " it is nothing,—leave him to himself, and he will be all right again to-morrow morning ;" and the conversation changed.

Fast and furious grew the mirth, as the

Northern Wizard has it;—song succeeded song in rapid succession, and it was late ere we rose to retire for the night—I on board my boat, while the other two had camp-beds prepared for them in the tent. I felt hot and feverish,—a natural consequence of our protracted revels; and on emerging into the bright moonlight, paused for a moment, as I bared my breast to the night air, when, to my surprise, I perceived, on the very bank of the river, the figure of Staunton, standing some little distance from the boats, with folded arms, gazing intently on the heavens. I advanced towards him, but so completely were his faculties absorbed in contemplation, that it was not till I laid my hand upon his shoulder that he noticed my approach and turned.

“In the name of wonder,” I exclaimed, “what are you doing here? I thought you were in bed hours ago.”

“Ay,” he replied bitterly, “you in common with the rest, judge as you see, without troubling yourself to look deeper than the surface. Look, boy, gaze steadfastly upon yon river,—it is smooth, placid, and delightful,—but can you guess the secrets and the mysteries buried in its bosom, or

even how soon the present calm that reigns upon its waters may be succeeded by a tempest? No, you cannot; and yet you presume to think you can read the character of mankind as though it were stamped upon their brow. Ha! ha! ha!" and he laughed scornfully. "You would know what I am doing here? Even what you see. Gazing upon the clear sky and the bright stars; for fain would I learn from them, if I could, how long is to be my thread of life, and when this weary pilgrimage will have an end."

"Are you then a believer in astrology?" I asked.

"No," he replied; "but when the heart, nay, the very soul, is sickened with reality, it may at least be allowed to fly for relief to shadows and to phantasies. And now that I have answered your questions, leave me."

"Not in your present state," said I kindly. "You are excited, feverish,—come with me to the boats—"

"How! excited! not in my present state!" exclaimed he, starting back, and gazing intently in my countenance, as though he would read my heart. "What mean you? Speak plainly, and

don't wrap your thoughts up in the commonplace phrases of worldly consolation. You would imply that I am—but no, no; though I have often thought so myself, it cannot be; it has not come to that *yet!*”

There was something so utterly despairing in the tone in which he said these words, accompanied, or rather succeeded, by the action of burying his face in his hands, contrasted with his stern but violent manner, that really made me think the implication conveyed in his last sentence had more of reality in it than he was disposed to admit; and, therefore, addressing him in a soothing and tender tone, I denied any intention of hinting at what he had alluded to, and again besought him to accompany me to the boat, adding that, in justice to his friends, if not for his own sake, he ought to struggle against, instead of giving way to such feelings, for the world was all before him.

“Friends!” said he in a hollow tone; “friends I have none, not one. No, I am alone! All who ever loved me are in the quiet grave, where I shall soon seek them.” After a slight pause, he resumed in a quieter tone,—“It is well for you who

are young and gay, who know care and trouble but by name, and have never felt the agony of blighted affections and hope deferred, vain dreams of ambition and fond anticipations faded away, it is well for you to talk of living for the future ; but when, like me, you have known all these sorrows—when you have found friendship but a name, and plighted vows but portions of the air in which they died away—when you have awoke from sickness, sorrow, and distress, to the consciousness that hope was dead for *you*—that with the talents and abilities to carve renown and a fair name for yourself, no road lay open to you, or the want of a little worldly lucre barred it—when you have been compelled to bear the proud man's contumely, because you were not of his privileged order, albeit you knew him in his boyhood in your native country, but too happy to receive your nod of recognition—when you have felt yourself in the solitude of kings,

‘Without the power that makes them bear a crown,’
then will you think as I do, and you will feel them all, too, and will not be more lucky than nineteen out of twenty of your compeers. Did parents, ay, and their children, but think, when dazzled by the

splendour of some one or two acquaintances' return from India to their native land with fortunes, who commenced life with nothing,—did they but calculate on the numbers of whom they never hear, who lay their bones on this distant land, solitary and broken-hearted, with none, or, at the most, but strangers to smooth their dying pillows, they would pause long ere they doomed their offspring or themselves to such a fate. They know it, though, when it is too late. But come, you are right, let us to the boats."

I was heartily glad to find, as he concluded his harangue, he suited the action to the word, and led the way to the boats; for however true his sentiments and prophecy might be, assuredly that was neither the time nor place for giving a proper degree of attention to them. The night, which at the commencement of our conversation had been bright and clear, was now becoming dark, dreary, and cold, as a chill breeze swept up numerous heavy lowering clouds from the southward. As we neared the boats, Staunton paused again, and looked steadily up at the sky, and then once more broke out rather wildly—"I left the scene of gaiety and worldly mirth and pleasure, to seek, in

the calm stillness of the night, for some sign which should be as a type to me of hereafter. Lo ! one has been vouchsafed to me. Blessed Father in heaven ! I accept the omen."

" Psha !—Nonsense, my good fellow !" said I, out of all patience ; " do go to bed, and let a sound sleep be the omen of your waking to-morrow with a clear head and an undisturbed imagination." .

" You may laugh," he replied, " ay, and scoff, for it is a part of man's weak nature to do so at that which, not understanding, he disbelieves ; but, mark my words, and treasure them in your recollection.—As that bright and starry firmament has become suddenly o'erclouded, as the surface of the river, late so calm and placid, has now become troubled and tempestuous in a moment, till utter darkness shrouds them both. so will the sunshine of my life pass away. I have said, I accept the omen, and I respect it. Ere three months pass over, you will be summoned to attend my death-bed ! Good night."

* * * * *

I had been several days absent from home, and returned on the afternoon of the — of May, and was listening to the news of what had oc-

curred in my absence, while my *sirdar* bearer divested me of my boots, when the *karanny* entering, informed me that Mr. Staunton had gone mad; though inconceivably shocked, I cannot say that I was much surprised at this intelligence. On further inquiry, it appeared that he had been taken ill with fever, that he sternly refused either to go into the station for medical advice, or to take any medicine, while he threatened all his servants with his most serious anger if they dared to send word to anybody that he was unwell. Things went on in this way for some days, for, said Blackey, "It's master's pleasure; what can we do?" But when they found him delirious, they had taken the alarm, and sending word to me, who was his nearest neighbour, they put two jars of water in his bed-room, and went off to their respective villages, leaving the factory deserted, and their sick master alone in his weakness and misery. Intelligence of this had reached my house on the preceding day, and I lost little time in re-equipping myself, and, mounting a fresh horse, rode over to his factory at once. Strange, thought I, as I galloped off, my mind recurring to the conversation before recorded,

very strange. Can it be possible that he believed in what he professed to consider as a sign of coming fate? At least, it is likely to prove one; for, if what I heard be true, I fancy he must be beyond the power of human aid ere now. Pondering thus, but at the same time riding hard and fast, as men will do when their feelings are excited, even though they feel that they are too late to be of any service, a short half-hour brought me to Staunton's bungalow. The *jaumps** were all closed, and my first impression was, that he was dead. Dismounting quickly, I tethered my horse to one of the posts of the veranda, and pushing open the nearest *jaump*, entered the bungalow. All was dark and still; groping about, I at last succeeded in finding the bamboos for supporting the *jaumps*, and propping them up, let in light and fresh air,—and assuredly not before the latter was grievously required. The slight noise I made disturbed the slumbers of the sick man, and, guided by the sound, I entered an inner room, upon a bed in which he lay dozing. He was evidently suffering under unquiet dreams, for the first words that I heard, low indeed, but

* Loose doors, formed of matting.

startingly distinct, were, "No, no ! it is not blood, I tell you ; not one drop from his veins fell on ME ! And if it were, what then ? He fell in fair and open combat. His life or mine ! 'Tis the law of nature. There, are you answered ? True, he had been my friend,—what then ? He deceived and then scorned me, and his bullet grazed my temple at the moment that mine clove his heart. Ha ! do you doubt me ? Here, here is the scar ; I bore it with me to my grave !" And as the light which the open door admitted fell upon his countenance, he sprang up in bed, and then bursting into a hollow laugh, sank back upon his pillow. Horror-struck and shuddering, I advanced and gazed upon the countenance of the dreamer.

One look sufficed to tell me that the struggle was nearly run. He had apparently, in some moments of returning sanity, endeavoured to shave his head, and, succeeding but partially in the attempt, had inflicted several serious gashes on his skull ; the blood from which, clotting and matting his remaining hair, presented a ghastly contrast to his sunken eyes and pale sallow complexion, that was perfectly appalling. Sickening.

I turned from the dreadful spectacle of human weakness ; but his thoughts had now taken another turn, and he murmured plaintively, "Home ! ah ! my dear happy home ! I shall never see you more ! never again list the solemn tone of the bell which summons us to our devotions,

When the cares and troubles of the week are ended !

Never again feel the soft and fond pressure of my mother's hand, as she blesses her too wayward son, and prays him at the last minute to abandon all his plans, and stay and cheer the fireside of his parents in the winter of their life ! Never, never !" There was something so heart-broken in the cadence with which the last word died away that I sobbed audibly. Staunton started at the sound, and awoke. For some time he gazed intently at me, with his hands pressed upon his forehead, as if endeavouring to recall my face to his recollection. At last he said, "This is kind, very kind of you, to come uncalled, to cheer the sick-bed of your friend. But you are too late."

"Nay, I hope not," said I, "now that the delirium has left you."

“You are too late! Said I not, that ere three months elapsed you would be summoned to attend my death-bed? Now, I say you are too late! I have been delirious—mad—I know not what, and my return to reason is but the precursor of my death. Nay, interrupt me not, I feel it, and grow weaker as I speak—water, water.” I gave him a little in a tea-cup, and, after a pause, he resumed; “I must be brief, for my time approaches; I have noted down the chief incidents of my life, in anticipation of the scene you are now witnessing; you will find the packet in my desk addressed to you, and may it serve to guide you clear of some of the rocks in the stream of life on which I foundered; but, mark me! Whatever I may have raved about in my delirium—whatever you may find there written, as I am a dying man, I have done nought which, were I to live again, I’d not re-act. One thing, and one only presses on my mind. Tell me,” and here his voice grew lower, “is that man a suicide, who—who—refusing to avail himself of the means at his command, dies miserable and by inches, but yet dies *a natural death*? Tell me; is he so? for thus have I acted, and the thought preys

heavy on my heart." Fearfully did he look into my face as if he would have read there my inmost thoughts : I knew not what answer to make, and suggested a reference to *that* book which never fails the humbled and the penitent ; I rose to seek it, and he sank muttering, "Too late ! too late !" I was some time ere I found what I sought, and on my rejoining him, saw that it was indeed "too late." His delirium had returned, and he now spoke clearly and distinctly, while his eyes flashed with unearthly brilliancy. "Julia !" he exclaimed, "Julia ! you have deceived me falsely, cruelly deceived me ! I was happy, oh ! how happy, and you have made me miserable ; but I forgive, I forgive." As he spoke the last words, he started convulsively ; his eyes glared wildly for a moment ere darkness settled upon them for ever ; his jaw dropped, and the soul of the poor sufferer fled to the realms where

"The wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

Some days after the catastrophe above narrated, Staunton's friends were examining his desk, when the following lines were found written in his hand. The character of the poetry sufficiently shews

that the fancy was exuberantly wild—the mind unsettled.

THE SKY.

“Some sing the land! some praise the sea!
But, oh! ‘the dark blue sky’ for me:
’Tis *there* the eagle wings his flight,
’Tis *there* the meteor flashes bright!
I could leap with joy,
Like a thoughtless boy!
To see the falcon pois’d in air,
Dart swooping on the timid hare!

“A hardy-roving lad I’ve been,
Passed through many stirring scene;
I’ve stemm’d the gush of bursting tide,
And dashed along the mountain’s side!
When the lightnings flash’d,
When the thunders crash’d,
And nought was heard o’er hill or dell,
Save savage gusts of wild blasts yell!

“I’ve wander’d long in foreign strands,
And fought my way through hostile lands;
Led the dance in the baron’s hall—
Scaled the side of his castle’s wall!
When the bugle blew,
And the bullets flew,
And flights of arrows, thick as hail,
Came quiv’ring ’gainst our coats of mail!

“I’ve sail’d the ocean’s boundless sweep,
And dared the dangers of the deep,
’Midst whirlwind’s rush and tempest’s shock,
Near shoal, and sand, and sunken rock;
Where the mermaid weeps
When the bright wave sleeps,
Swift as the flight of bold sea mew,
My bark has glided safely through.

" Such toils as these I *now* despise—
I love to skim ' the dark blue skies ;'
In light balloon away to soar
From din of earth and ocean's roar.

Where the zephyr plays
In the golden rays,
I merry steer my *silken* dome
O'er clouds of mist, like curling foam.

" No *other* sea I love to cleave ;
The ocean brine I freely leave
To sailors brave ; *their* ships may plough
The surly breaker's angry brow :

But, oh ! give not me
The foaming sea.
No, no ! I love away to fly !
Away, away, to ' the clear blue sky !' "

CHAPTER IV.

SHOOTING—THE DENIZENS OF THE LAKES—DEER HUNTING WITH
THE CHEETAH.

AFTER all, I question whether any description of hunting, after the first burst, pays half so well as the shooting to be had in India. Most certainly it is not so varied. We shoot tigers from a *machann*—a platform placed in or near a tree—we shoot bustards from behind ploughing oxen; there is plenty of deer-stalking in the Himalayas, buffalo shooting from boats, and the jungle supplies capital sport in the wild peacock, the jungle-cock, and the partridge; then in the plains we have the quail, and in the hills are there not glorious golden pheasants and birds with plumage of all hues, boasting of flesh which the finest game in Europe cannot rival? Yet even these sources of amusement are nothing to the India lakes, or jheels, where there is so extraordinary a congregation of the winged tribe that the traveller,

in the confused mass before him, multiplies the various species in his mind to an endless variety.

As we approach one of these lakes, its neighbourhood is signaled by numerous flights of cranes and wild fowl passing to and fro, but at too great a distance to enable us to distinguish their species, unless the peculiarity of their flight is familiar. The site of the lake itself is covered with a haze; and, as the sun breaks through it, a long bank of white is distinguished, which, at first, may be taken for a goodly string of white clothes hung up to dry on a line, as we often see, both in this country and at home. The cry of the *Sarus* attracts our notice; and, on looking in the direction, a pair of these stately birds are observed noticing us very particularly, and occasionally uttering their shrill trumpet cry. It breeds in our jheels in the rains, and produces two young birds, which the parents tend very carefully till January, when they can fly and shift for themselves. It is called the Indian crane. The long time it takes to obtain sufficient strength of wing, renders the young liable to many accidents; and although they are held as sacred by the natives, yet their vaunted mildness and aversion to destroy life does

not protect even it from persecution. After January the *sarus* congregate together in small flocks of from six to twenty ; and they again pair previous to the rains.

We now reach the borders of the lake, which is covered with a multitude of birds who seem to be unconscious of any evil being intended ; flocks of geese and wild fowl are feeding quietly close at hand, and as you approach, they merely change their places a little to the right and left. A small flock of the grey say goose swim along, without any apparent exertion ; there is no mistaking them. A much larger flock of a smaller, but a handsome, goose is sailing off in another direction ; this is the painted goose of Indian sportsmen, and the barred-headed goose of authors ; it migrates from Thibet ; the bars on the back of the head distinguish it at once. There is now no time for delay if we wish to secure one of each. Bang ! bang ! goes the double barrel. Whc-oo-oo-oo—leli-lel—lal-lal—walk-walk—kurûk-kurûk-âk-âk-âk. The lake itself seems to have taken wing at the report, and for miles the air is thickened with all its winged inhabitants flying and screaming in every direction. After a con-

siderable pause all is again quiet, and we are left all alone *in our glory* ; and every bird being now warned of the sort of visitor come among them, our approach is no longer suffered with so much confidence, and, in a few hours, the wild fowl will recognise us at half a mile's distance.

At our first fire, the long bank of white which we observed when at so great a distance, rose as if by one consent, and approaching high in air, we now observe it is a flock of flamingos, the *raj hans* of the Hindoos, and the red flamingo of authors. As they approach nearer, the rosy hue on the wings and backs of the older birds is distinguished ; they breed on the lakes of the North-West Provinces, and a number of the young are brought into Delhi for sale in the rains. They are kept as pets. The common pelican, sailing stately along, now claims our attention, and he had better take care of himself, for that very black native with a shining skin, and a net in his hands, looks upon him slyly, with evil thoughts intent ; the chances are, that by the evening this very pelican is wheedled and bothered into the fellow's net, for there is no resisting the

insidious attacks of a Hindostanee bird-catcher, and he will carry him to the nearest bazaar, and obtain two rupees for his prize. A medical oil of great repute is extracted from their fat. The large *manukjoor* or *sohajung*, darting and prancing about, catching his prey in the water, is seen at a considerable distance ; this is the New Holland jabiru, and is generally a shy bird ; unless the sportsman has got a rifle, he is not likely to possess himself of a specimen.

Large flocks of the common crane, driven from the corn-fields by the watchful husbandman, are now observed coming to take shelter on some of the sandy and open islands of the lake ; this is the qoolung or koonj, so much prized as game by the natives, being esteemed superior to the antelope ; they each weigh about ten pounds. Flocks of the handsome Numidian crane are seen in their neighbourhood, some of them occasionally dancing and flirting about ; it is the *demoiselle de numidie* of the French ; and *coolen* of the Indian sportsman. The stupid looking Coromandel heron, or the anastomus, is seen loitering about ; his uncouth appearance is relieved by the active white stork. We must, however, proceed, and more

briefly notice the variety of the duck tribe as they fall to our gun.

The common wild duck,—these are rather scarce, are very wild, and keep in the middle of the jheel. The widgeon,—rather plentiful, sometimes called by our sportsmen the Pintail, is a very handsome bird, and one of the best that comes on our table. The common teal,—very plentiful, caught by hundreds in nets, and sold in the camp sixty for a rupee; they are the best birds for confinement in tealerics. The shoveller, or blue wing,—I found this the most numerous of all the duck tribe; the male, in his wedding plumage in April, is very handsome; it is much esteemed for the table, and is generally the most numerous bird in our tealerics, but it does not thrive so well as the common teal. The tufted duck,—scarce, and subject to much variety. The scaup, or spoonbill duck,—I found it scarce. The white eye,—very scarce. The brahmunce goose, or ruddy goose, the chukwa,—a few pairs. The red-crowned duck, the canard siffleur happé,—as plentiful as the mallard; and a duck about which I am doubtful as to its species,—it, however, strongly approximates to the American canvass-

backed duck ; the bill comes high upon both sides of the cheek, the head and half the neck is chestnut ; below, a broad ring of black, gradually shading to dusky white on the back and belly, faintly marked with minute transverse lines, wings the same, rump darker, and the tail pointed, bill black, and only one bird of the species was met with.

The common smew is not an unusual bird on our lakes ; they are caught and sold along with our teal ; few know the difference, although one would think even a *Koec hi* could not well mistake its toothed bill.

In the rains, on our lakes, we meet with three other ducks, the nuckta, or black-backed goose ; the comb on the bill of this bird is esteemed a great delicacy. I once knew a native, a sort of Apicius in his way, who kept two *shikarees* for the express purpose of shooting these birds for their combs. The whistling, or silly teal,—the girra teal, called also the cotton teal. I have, in October and November, met with the pochard duck in great numbers ; the common spoonbill is likewise frequently met with in autumn, in winter, and in spring ; the snipe and jacksnipe

are very plentiful, and a few painted or Cape snipe, together with the bittern.

The following birds are also very commonly met with:—The black and white king-fisher and the brown and blue king-fisher, the bald or black screaming ibis, the green ibis, the common curlew, the jacana, the Chinese variety, the common coot, the little grebe, the dabchick, and koochny of the Barraset cadet, the white bugla or egret, the small brown bugla, the Indian lapwing or did-he-do-it, the black or violet stork or lug lug, the common water hen, and the black rail, the small dunil, the heron, the Norfolk plover, or goggle-eyed plover; the brown-necked shag or sulkowa, the yellow-bellied tern, with black belly, the green sand-piper, the snippet and snipe, and chaha of the bazaar, the wood sand-piper, the red shank, the long-legged plover, the little sand-piper, and the black-tailed godwit.

The reader will observe that, after wading through a couple of jheels, no new or undescribed bird has been met with,—the only two I am uncertain about are the canvass-backed duck and the black-tailed godwit. Many of the species were new to me, and I was not a little agreeably

surprised to find that many were common at home ; albeit I had quite forgotten them, and it was only by referring to books, where I found they answered to a name formerly familiar, that I recollected them.

There is a great pleasure in falling in with an animal (in this instance we shall say a bird) one does not recollect to have seen before ; the formation of the bill and legs, together with its habits, will immediately, if he is but a novice, direct him to the place in a "Natural History," where to look for a description of his specimen.

Having found the order and genera, he will soon satisfy himself whether his author has known it or not, and very probably he will find that it has been described by several hands who, in their eagerness to record and publish their undigested information, or to expose their overweening vanity, have multiplied it into many different species, each describing the same bird in its adult and mature age, and in different stages of plumage or moult in these states, together with the very different appearance at all times, and equally liable to change, of the female.

This will often lead to an unsatisfactory inquiry. Like the chameleon, one author describes the bird with a yellow bill and yellow legs, and another says it has a black bill and green legs ; and it is absolutely necessary to have different authors to refer to in order to obtain satisfactory information.

The males and females of almost all the ducks are not only very different in plumage but in size ; besides the difference of plumage in adult and mature birds, almost every species we have mentioned may be trebled to represent the seeming variety to the sportsman, who may rest pretty well assured that, if he procures a specimen of each of the various and multitudinous forms, congregated in any of the lakes or jheels of India, the chances are a hundred to one that every one of them have been previously known and described. Notwithstanding, he may derive much gratification in falling in with birds which he never saw before, and are consequently new and interesting to him.

I have been asked if the sheldrake, or shieldrake, is ever met with in India ? This bird is rarely ever found remote from salt water, and herefore it is not likely to frequent the centre of

the continent of India. It has, however, been found about the Caspian Sea, the salt lakes of Tartary and Siberia, and it has been met with at the Falkland Isles and Van Diemen's Land. The denizens of marshes have naturally an extensive *habitat*, being well supplied with length of wing. Some of the duck tribe, it has been ascertained, fly at the rate of ninety miles an hour; and it is quite possible that all the varieties may occasionally be found in the Asiatic quarter of the globe.

Of the flesh of the duck tribe it is difficult to speak with profound respect in India. So much must depend upon the interval between killing and eating, and the state of the thermometer at the time. If you commit your bird, on the same day that he is killed, to a culinary process, you may find him tough as a piece of rope, or horse-flesh, or leather, or anything most difficult of mastication; yet in some seasons he becomes uncommon "high," after even a few hours' detention. You must take your chance.

Nor is "time" your only enemy in the process of destroying a game dinner. The adage which assigns to cooks a special mission from Satan

applies with great force to the workers in the laboratory of an Indian kitchen. They will spoil the best meat by their zeal, or their negligence and ignorance.

The survey duties on which I had been employed were completed in 1823, and I was ordered to return to my regiment, then quartered at Mirzapore, Bengal.

The regiment of an officer should be his *home*, but the system in force in the Indian army of detaching officers of all kinds for staff employ, which, from being well paid and often conducting to higher honours, is greatly coveted, induces men to look upon their corps as simply a starting point in the first instance, and a *pis aller* after they have once got upon the staff. None, therefore, but those who are without *interest*—the grand key to every kind of preferment—care to cultivate regimental friendships, or to study the comfort, tempers, and dispositions of the Sepoys. Thus, when I joined the —th, I was almost a stranger to every one about me ; and the rank of captain,

which I had at last attained, instead of insuring me a friendly reception, was looked upon as an objection, for it deprived a lieutenant of the allowance he had been drawing for my company. However, a few months of duty, diversified with a few pleasant pic-nics, dinners, and hunting excursions, made all right, and we pulled together as well as could be desired.

Fortunately for the —th, we escaped being sent to Burmah in 1824. Honour and prize-money are very nice things in their way ; but if they are to be accompanied by the risk of dying of a swamp fever, a soldier who prefers health and the prospects of promotion, will not fret himself to fiddle-strings if he finds he is accidentally excluded from a Walcheren service. While, therefore, we rejoiced at our exclusion from the expedition under Sir Archibald Campbell, we were by no means displeased to hear a few months afterwards that we were likely to be ordered against Bhurt-pore ; and when the order *did* come, we threw up our caps for joy. It is true that the failure of Lord Lake before that place had created exaggerated notions of its strength ; but the fame of Lord Combermere, our then Commander-in-Chief,

(who, as Sir Stapleton Cotton, had won immortal honour in the Peninsula,) encouraged in us hopes of a different result, besides that we had made improvements in the art of war, which placed us more on a level with enemies who had not equally advanced. The march upwards towards Goverdhun was, like all Indian marches in the cool weather, a very pleasant recreation, and it was not on this occasion the less agreeable that we enjoyed the advantage of a little antelope hunting, of which I was always fond. Halting for a few days in the territory of a friendly Rajah, not far from Deeg, another officer (Barnes) and I obtained leave to have a day or two's sport, and the Rajah was good enough to provide for our entertainment. The trysting place was swarming with antelopes. Only a few days previously six or seven black bucks passed close to the regiment, and did not appear at all afraid of us.

Barnes had gone on to the destined scene of the sport in a palkee (palanquin), and on my arrival one of the Rajah's servants met me and took me to a building which his Highness had generally kept as a sort of shooting-box, 120 feet long by 30 broad ! An excellent European breakfast was

served up to us by the diligent retainers. When we had finished breakfast, in came the nuzzer, two bags of rupees, one for each, which we sent back with our compliments, but helped ourselves to some of the fruits, nuts, &c., of which they sent about twenty cooly loads. In the evening we received a letter from the Rajah, saying that he was sorry he could not see us, as he was nursing a beard for next Monday, but that his cheetahs were very much at our service, and he sent his servants for orders; we told them to have the cheetahs on the ground at daylight, and the elephants ready for us at gunfire. Friday, October 4, we started a little after gunfire—Barnes on a pad and I on a howdah elephant. After going two or three miles through cultivation to the west side of the city, we came to a beautiful piece of low grass jungle, where we saw three native carts, each containing a cheetah and his keeper, and drawn by a pair of bullocks, whose keeper made up the load. There was a fourth cart empty, which was for us to sit upon and see the sport. The carts being exactly the same as the countrymen in the neighbourhood use, and to which the deer are accustomed, may be driven up close to the deer, who take no notice

of them. We got down from the elephants and into our sporting car, and after sundry twistings of the tail, kicks, and blows from a thick stick, carried by the charioteer, the unfortunate bullocks were induced to move on, and we started in search of sport. We had now leisure minutely to examine the cheetahs, one of the most beautiful specimens of the leopard tribe. They are about the height of a small Newfoundland dog, but nearly twice as long in the body, fined off like a greyhound; their skins are spotted, and they generally carry their fine long tails aloft in the air. They seem very tame, and know their keeper well, whose mode of quieting them when they growl or hiss is by offering them his hand, which they lick, and remain quiet; it is more than probable, if the English lion tamer's plan be right, that they have had many a good licking from it before, and knew by experience that they had better be quiet. They were all hooded and confined by a rope fastened to the cart, and tied on to a ring that runs round their loins. They have a true cattish antipathy to dogs, and spit and snarl at them with a will. They do not appear to fear men, either black or white. Our line of battle was thus formed:—first

and foremost, a cart, with one cheetah, who afterwards proved himself to be by far the best of the lot. Then came Barnes and I in our carriage; he it observed, anything but an easy one—a regular bone-setting contrivance. We were followed by one or two of the Rajah's yeomen pickers on foot; the two other cheetahs in their respective vehicles brought up the rear. We had not proceeded far before a fine black buck was seen trotting quietly to our left; we kept parallel to him for some time, when he seemed to be getting suspicious of our character, and crossed a-head of us. Just as he passed the bullocks of the leading cart, and was about seventy yards from it, the cheetah was cast loose and unhooded; he jumped quietly on to the ground, and as the antelope did not appear to see him, he, under cover of the long grass, followed at a long fast trot. When he got out of the jungle the devoted deer caught the first sight of his pursuer, and galloped (not bounded) off at a tremendous pace, followed by the leopard. We immediately stopped our cart to see the take, but we could only see the deer's horns in rapid motion, and the head of the cheetah appearing above the grass at every stride. The head gained, closer,

closer yet, and they both rolled over together. An exclamation from one of the attendants tells us that the cheetah has been successful, and we make the best of our way to the spot, where we find the cheetah with the deer's neck in his mouth ; he holds on with astonishing tenacity, suffers himself to be rehooded, and does not leave go his hold till they give him a taste of the stag's blood,* which is procured by cutting his throat. Thus satisfied, the cheetah was led away by his keeper, and helped into the cart, by his tail, which delicate attention is performed by one of the shikarees. Another cheetah is brought to the front, and we proceed. We jolted on in our dray for some time without the sight of another deer, who were, I suppose, rather alarmed at the first attack. At last we spied one, rather inclined to go off to the left, so the two cheetahs in the rear were sent to make a semicircle, and drive him to us, in which they succeeded. There was a deep ditch and some high grass between us and him, which we had to cross, and when we got within twenty yards of him, the cheetah was slipped. Whether it was that the game was not properly pointed out to him, or whether he was not in the

humour, I know not, but when he got down he looked all abroad. After waiting for nearly a minute, he stole along crouching, got a good sight of his antelope, and began his chase, but, after five or six bounds, in which he was gaining rapidly, he stopped short, and the antelope went away at speed, frightening all the herds near him, and away they went at full gallop. We now pursued our way at a trot through some high grass, seeing nothing else on each side of us but an occasional pair of horns ; and, beginning to get rather dissatisfied, when we came to a large plantation of babool, on the other side of which they told us there were plenty of antelope, but we were little inclined to credit them, as we thought it was only to encourage us to go on after the last failure. In this plantation we saw a brace of magnificent neelgaee, which made me regret that I had left my rifle behind ; but I heard that if I had brought it, I should not have been permitted to try its effect upon a brute, for, like the holy cow, they are very tame here, and let you approach quite close to them, so that there would have been no fun shooting them. At last we cleared the plantation, when our patience was

well rewarded. There was little grass here, so that we could see much better than before. The third cheetah had now come to the front, we of course close in his wake. We observed a buck lying down, who let us come within slipping distance before he got up ; away went the third cheetah, crouching at first, and when the deer quickened his pace, he dashed off at speed. The antelope turned back and made towards us, and the cheetah rapidly gaining on him, but when within about four strides of his prey, he made a stumble at a ditch or something we could see, and very nearly tumbled over our heels. He would run no more, so was hooded and carted. Meantime the second cheetah was again slipped, but he would not run a yard. We sent for the first, who was now some way behind, and when he came up, we made for a party of five or six outlying bucks, who, however, on seeing us, mostly closed up with their herds. We cut off two or three, and as one looked rather lame, we thought the white livered brutes might have some chance with him, and we accordingly ordered them to slip No. 2. This they did, but he, by way of reading us a lesson, altogether despising the lame

one, crossed to the right after a buck and three hinds; we feared one of the latter would be sacrificed; but he followed the buck, and killed him in good style about eighty yards from us. We again proceeded in line; fell in with a buck; leading carts left wheel, remained standfast—the manœuvre succeeded. The deer on seeing us turned off in the direction of the other carts, where they slipped No. 1 upon him. On seeing them approach, for they came straight towards where I was standing, and, when about twenty-two yards from us, our man slipped his cheetah; No. 1, however, determined to keep up his character, pulled down the buck. It was now getting late and hot, and as we were twelve miles from the palace, we determined to return home; on our way to the elephants, which had been brought along the skirts of the grass to a shooting box of his Majesty's, we saw three hinds and a fawn, and slipped No. 2, but he crouched and would not give chase. We jogged on at a very shaking trot, when another buck was spied between our road and a patch of trees. Two cheetahs were despatched round the plantation outside, and went up with No. 1, who, when slipped, ran him in a semicircle,

and killed close to our cart, shewing us plainly the way in which they are caught, and of which I had no idea. When the cheetah gets quite close to the deer, he puts his fore-legs round the hind-legs of the deer, and having thus tripped up his heels, he seizes him by the throat, with a merciless grasp, which he seldom relaxes till he gets blood ; and now our sport being over, we mounted the elephants, and returned to the hunting box.

We had not been long re-domiciled and refreshed ourselves with a bath, ere the gamekeepers presented themselves with one of the deer for our special delectation. My companion affected to despise the flesh of Indian game ; but as there is said to be, or to have been in the days of Apicius, a sauce which would commend a man's own father to his palate, so is there a way of cooking Indian venison, to render it to a passably hungry man as acceptable as the haunch of a Windsor buck to a London alderman.

"Some people," said Dr. Johnson, "have a foolish way of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat ; for my part," adds Boswell, "I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully, and I look upon it that he who does not mind his

belly will hardly mind anything else !”—I go along with Bozzy.

“ *Khansama ! You babburchee ! Huzoor ka hoo-kum soonlo !** Take this buck, and have him skinned immediately ; don’t take the skin off the head ! Cut the horns off, and clean it the same as you do a calf’s head. Cut up the neck and two fore-quarters in pieces, and put them into the largest cooking-pot, and just cover them with water. Put the head in a smaller pot, and just cover it with water also. Simmer away on the fire slowly, and skim clean till the evening, by which time the meat will be boiled tender. Take it out, and cut all the flesh off the bones ; clean the tongue, and reduce it and the meat to nice bits. Season with allspice, black and red pepper, and salt, rather piquante. Now, return the meat into the pot. If there is not enough of gravy, add some from the large cooking-pot ; simmer for a couple of hours more, and dish it. Let it stand all night, and next morning when cold, and if properly done, it will have formed in a firm jelly. This is intended as a cold relish after dinner to-morrow, and mayhap I’ll be tempted just to try a little of it at breakfast.

* Butler ! Cook ! Listen to the master’s orders !

“ Take one of the haunches, and cut nice slices out of it—put them in a stewpan, with a quantity of the gravy from the large pot, simmer till well done, season well as above, put the whole in a raised fire and bake ; this will also stand over night, and will form a nice cold venison pasty for to-morrow’s dinner. The rest of the haunch will be made into minced collops and patties ; take care, nothing is added to them save the seasoning, and a little gravy from the large pot. The remains of the contents of the large pot will furnish venison soup for the party. Boil and simmer the meat well, that the soup may be rich ; add the yolks of hard boiled eggs, and forcemeat balls ; the latter you will make from some of the venison saved for the purpose.

“ The remaining haunch will be roasted ; fix it on the spit by skewers. We dine exactly at six ; have a good large fire ready, and put down the roast exactly at a quarter to five o’clock ; baste, consequently, and ever recollect it must be under done, or ’tis ruined : serve up without any sauce. If you cook it properly, the gravy which will run from the meat when carved will be more than sufficient, and don’t forget to put the jar of red currant jelly on the table.”

So much for the venison ; and with the bikhtee fish, a fat turkey, and an English ham, with proper side dishes, and dessert in your best style, the gentlemen even of Calcutta might dine and be content. Have cold claret, and Madeira ; and, when you see the gentlemen taking to the cold venison, produce the *simkin, nippit tunda*.*

There is another way of cooking venison worthy of attention.

Cut up your venison into fids, neither too thin nor too thick, pepper and salt the same, and put it on one side,—take then a bottle of claret, add thereto an egg, properly beaten up, a dessert-spoonful of flour, a table-spoonful of anchovy sauce, and one ditto of “catsup, vulgarly called ketchup,” as my old schoolmaster’s English grammar used to say. Mix up these ingredients properly, and immerse the venison therein. Chillies, ginger, onions, tea-pats, and so forth, to be added, according to the goût of the artiste, and a few love apples (according to the size of the fruit) are an improvement when procurable. Some prefer half a bottle of claret, with the same quantity of water, and the addition of

* Champagne, thoroughly iced.

a few pieces of fat mutton to the recipe as above.

Enough of gastronomy for the present. Let us onwards. We hear the cannon's roar and the trumpet's sound in the distance, and it will not do to be behindhand when thousands are sitting down under cantonment to accomplish what Lake failed to achieve.

CHAPTER V.

BHURTPORE IN 1825.

[In the following account of the siege of Bhurtpore, the Major appears again at times to have made use of the imaginary characters who figured in the account of Quatre Bras and Waterloo.]

OF this celebrated fortress much has been written, and yet it appears to me, that the real nature of its strength and importance, as compared with those of other Indian strongholds, is little discriminated ; some supposing it to be remarkable among these for the formidable construction of its defences, and others underrating its capability of sustaining a well-directed assault. A brief examination of the question may be interesting to the military reader, and afford scope for argument at least, if it fail to make converts to the author's sentiments.

All forts in Hindostan, with but a few isolated

exceptions, are constructed upon one simple principle, which, until the general use of cannon, appears to have been common to the whole world. They are a series of semicircular towers, connected together by straight curtains, and disposed, according to the features of the ground, in a variety of figures. In many cases, no little ingenuity is displayed in multiplying the fire upon an otherwise assailable point ; but, as may well be supposed, instances of the grossest carelessness, in this particular, are occasionally, though not often, met with. The gateways, in particular, are so admirably constructed as to be, in most cases, absolutely impregnable, if defended with constancy and courage ; these being the only points assailable by the ill-appointed armies of marauders against whom the defences were raised.

When the natural features of the country aid the resources of the constructor, the result is not unfrequently a stronghold that might be pronounced absolutely impregnable if ably defended ; yet which, through the miserable conduct of the garrison, has fallen a prey to our arms at a loss of assailants almost too trifling to be recorded ; and

the latter have taken possession in astonishment of their own success, of a circle of fortifications which they would have held out against the world.

The forts of India are classed under two heads—hill forts, and those erected in plains. The defences of the former are usually of stone, the latter generally, though not always, of mud.

It is the strength of situation, the rockiness of soil, and massiveness of the stones employed in the fabric of the former, that constitute their power; while that of the plain forts consists in the height of rampart, extreme depth of ditch, and malleability of wall, against which round shot, as at present used, are quite inefficient to produce a practicable breach. Bhurtpore, it is well known, is one of the latter, a mud fort of considerable size, erected in a wide sandy plain. It has a circumference of nearly seven miles, ramparts from 80 to 120 feet in height, and a ditch proportionably deep, from which those ramparts have been dug. The citadel, situated at the northern extremity, is considerably higher in its ramparts than the outer walls. Indeed the bastions of the

former rather resemble natural hills than the labours of human hands. The citadel, in addition to these, has a second and outer line of defences, of moderate height, built of dark-coloured hewn stone, and forming the scarp of its wide and beautiful ditch ; a girdle of water of considerable depth, and in breadth also, resembles rather a natural river than a mere reservoir constructed with the axe and spade. The ploughing fire from this citadel would be very galling even under the best constructed works of besiegers, were the artillery with which it is armed deserving of the name. But the enormous guns of wrought iron which crown those heights,—too ponderous and unwieldy to be efficient in any hands, mounted upon rotten carriages of the most clumsy construction, without the means of elevation or depression, and served by men whose utmost knowledge of gunnery amounts only to loading and firing the piece, and dying beside it manfully when all is lost,—are mere bugbears, whose fire might occasionally light upon a stray camp-follower as he ran to pick up a roving ball, but could scarcely be said to constitute any portion of the defensive muniments of the place. Even could they be

depressed within six hundred yards of the outer wall, it would be extremely dangerous for unskilful artillerymen to point such unwieldy engines so close over the heads of their own garrison in the outer works. There were, besides these, between one and two hundred pieces of all calibres, the lightest of which proved most efficient, being more easily moved out of reach of our shot after firing. The greater proportion fired but a few rounds each day, ceasing the moment they had called upon them the reply of any of our guns.

The artillery, therefore, on the ramparts of Bhurtpore could be little or no obstacle to the progress of a besieger; and although not altogether contemptible at the moment of assault when the emergency of their situation gave courage to the artillerymen, it was far from forming even then a considerable item in the perils of the breach or the obstacles to success. Thus we found the fort woefully deficient in that which ordinarily constitutes one of the most powerful resources of a fortified place. And yet, notwithstanding this great deficiency, and that the situation of Bhurtpore has every possible conveni-

ence to an assailing army in the sandy nature of the soil and the vicinity on three sides of a low wood, experience has sufficiently testified that it is not a contemptible place.

Without evincing much ingenuity, and almost without the aid of science, many stronger forts than Bhurtpore have fallen an easy prey to British valour. When the British, therefore, were four times repulsed before Bhurtpore, it was natural for all the world to reckon the latter the strongest of all the fortified places that we had yet attacked ; because it could be known to few or none beside those employed in our army that the principle of attack pursued by us was calculated to succeed only where the greatest carelessness or poltroonery prevailed. Bhurtpore was almost the first fortress of any note that had resisted us with energy ; and it was before this place that we had to learn how formidable a deep ditch and high rampart of the rudest construction may prove, when the hearts of the defenders are true to their own cause.

The extreme difficulty of effecting a practicable breach upon mud ramparts is well known, and has already been glanced at. The small quantity of dust brought down by each shot in the method

ordinarily pursued is next to nothing ; and, after long pommelling, the wall becomes pulverized so completely (though without altering in form) that the shot pass into it without any effect. The ingenious yet simple expedient suggested and successfully executed by Lieutenant Jacob of the Bombay artillery, at the capture of Mocha, is still unaccountably neglected. This is the substitution of live shells for shot in the breaching guns. The former of these missiles, instead of passing uselessly into the bowels of the rampart, and leaving no trace of its course, explodes the moment its progress has ceased, and acts as a small mine, casting into the ditch a shower of earth, and leaving a perforation of some width and several feet in depth behind it. A succession of these, in a horizontal line, completely undermines the superincumbent mass of parapet, which may afterwards be shaken down by shells from eight and ten inch howitzers. But, excepting in the above-mentioned solitary instance of Mocha, this expedient has never been adopted. The mud wall, therefore, remains as impregnable to our obstinacy as heretofore to our ignorance. Lord Lake had never a practicable breach, and he made but one

feeble effort to fill up an impracticable wet ditch with fifty, instead of five hundred, fascines,—none of which ever reached their destination. He therefore abandoned every advantage usually wielded by besiegers,—attacked the fortress in the mode which it was particularly calculated to resist,—and, by a variety of other blunders, rendered the triumph of the garrison complete. Bhurtpore has thus acquired a great name, which is to be divided between the blunders of its besiegers and the valour of the Jauts, who formed its garrison. Neither of these stood it in stead when it was invested by Lord Combermere, for his engineers were equal to any in the world, and the garrison, commanded by a coward, had either forgotten their ancient prowess or rested supine, in superstitious infatuation. The consequences could be easily foreseen.

Though the foregoing observations naturally suggested themselves in commencing even a sketch of the siege of this renowned fortress, the reader will not often be detained by scientific discussions, it being our object rather to present to his mind's eye the occasional aspect of the scene as it struck an actual observer.

It was shortly after sunrise, on the morning of the 29th of December 1825, that we approached the seat of operations from the direction of Agra. During the last two days, the distant booming of artillery had kept us incessantly on the alert. None but a soldier, or a soldier's near friend, who has been within sound of hostile artillery, can understand the restlessness and anxiety which this intimation of danger unshared by himself begets insensibly in the mind. To the friend of one engaged in those hostilities, imagination, according to her wont, exaggerates and multiplies every danger, and heaps the whole upon that one devoted head. To the soldier there is a sense of shame, a feverish dread, lest the peril should be past and the meed of valour won ere he can be present to share the first or prefer his claims to the second. Such at least was my case, and although I had ridden a good many miles without rest, and was to start the next morning for Bhurtpore, the dull, unearthly echo of the distant guns, dim and scarcely defined as it was, as powerfully drove the phantoms of rest from my pillow, as would the united peal of the whole artillery of heaven. I felt it impossible to lie

still, and rising from my bed, paced the circuit of the ancient tomb in which my couch had been spread, and as my footstep echoed over the vault in which the ashes of the departed lay, thoughts, by turns the most melancholy and the most stirring, flitted like spectres through my brain, until unable any longer to control my eagerness, I hurried on my clothes, braced my sword to my side, and mounting my horse, found myself before morning was far advanced in the Kumna, or low wood that almost encircles Bhurtpore. On the outer skirts of this wood stood the snowy tents of the investing force, seen to the greatest advantage in that sylvan landscape; and about them were the busy moving multitudes in all the variety of costume that marks the undress of an Anglo-Indian army. Mounted patrols paced leisurely among the thickets, foot sentries held watch at all corners of the several camps, and yet so serene and quiet were its immediate precincts, so unconcerned to all appearance the figures, visiting and returning from the nearest walls, that it would have been no easy matter for a spectator to conjecture the stern intent for which they were stationed there, but for the incessant peal of our artillery,

answered at distant intervals by the guns of the besieged. High above the whole scene might be observed the loftier of the bastions of the citadel, springing, as it seemed, from the wood of the foreground. The keenest eye could barely trace at that distance the dark specks that formed its garrison ; but now and then a white cloud rolled forward, and gradually ascended, and ere quite dissipated in the upper air, the hoarse thunder folded in its bosom was borne majestically past, rustling, as it swept like a spirit of the storm, over the summit of the dark green wood, and prolonging its echo for many a mile into the dim and distant horizon. Simultaneous with its peal came the crash of boughs and the distant hissing of the ponderous bolt, as it rent its path through the tangled wood, or spent its irresistible force upon the airy tides. As we progressed, these indications of the proximity of a hostile force became more frequent and apparent ; and I observed the stray passengers ducking and bowing, with much reverence, to the airy messengers of death. At length, through the inner skirt of the Kunnna, Kudum Kundy appeared before us ; beyond it, the approaches and batteries of our army ; and in the

background, the long line of lofty defences against which the skill and power of the British arms were now directed. To an eye accustomed to the magnificent structures with which the hills and plains of India are sentineled, there was nothing in the aspect of Bhurtpore to call forth admiration or surprise ; but as being the goal of so many hopes, and the arena upon which so much blood must yet be spilt, and the proud citadel that had derided four attacks of a hitherto all-conquering army, it was scarcely possible to gaze upon it without a thrilling interest that fixed the attention as a spell. From this musing I was quickly summoned by the plunge of a thirty-two pound shot, which, covering us and our horses with sand as it fell a few yards in front, bounded close over our heads, almost deafening us with its stormy music, and ran dancing along until lost in the obscurity of the Kumna. Another and another followed all very tolerably directed, and as our exposure was sensibly drawing out the fire of the enemy, it was necessary to pursue our way until we reached the shelter of the battery. This work, which was about eight hundred yards from the outer line of defences, and about twice that distance

from the citadel, formed the extreme left of our first parallel, and being situated near several small choultries or summer-houses, was the favourite mark for all the guns in the citadel, which, from long practice, had caught the range unusually well, and their shot coming from a long distance and high elevation, ploughed so abruptly, that the ordinary parapet was not always a shelter against them. It was while standing here that I was shocked to see a young lad, a native camp-follower, dreadfully mangled by a shot which caught him upon the shoulder-blade as he was thoughtlessly chasing another ball across the plain. In the heat of conflict, a thousand such scenes of horror are enacted around us, and we regret them not ; but in the leisure afforded by distant hostilities they powerfully affect the sympathies.

As I had often before witnessed an actual siege, I was well acquainted with all the operations ; and fully aware that however insignificant the long shallow trenches and parapets of loose earth might appear in comparison of the lofty works of the besieged, that every advance made by those snake-like approaches deducted a corresponding

amount from the thread of existence of the invested stronghold. Viewing the trenches in reverse, it was curious to see long lines of infantry passing and repassing to and from the daily relief, buried to the middle in the friendly trench, and resembling some fantastic vision of the imperfect figures of men, whose nether extremities imagination had curtailed. The batteries built upon a level with the natural soil, and overtopping with their pierced parapets those of the trenches, would have been easily distinguished, even had not the constant smoke and bellowing of the artillery drawn the attention and rivetted it upon them. The enemy's fire appeared to be extremely slack and ill-directed, with the exception of that which was lavished upon Kudum Kundy ; for no sooner did a gun on the outer ramparts shew itself at the embrasure, than it attracted the fire of some one of our guns, and if not dismounted, was disused and silenced for many an hour.

Learning the locality of the camp of my own corps, and receiving a brief outline of the past operations from an acquaintance in the trenches, I parted with my comrade and pursued my way, reported my arrival to the commanding officer

and the General of the division, and was ordered into the trenches communicating with the left breaching battery that evening. Although the fire of the besiegers ceased at sunset, a single gun contrived all night, at intervals of five minutes, to cast a shower of grape or shrapnell upon the breach, in order to prevent the nocturnal repair of the ruined defences, in which the enemy shewed both industry and skill ; and as towards the close of day a variety of moving figures might be discerned beyond shelter of the trenches, a few of the enemy's guns that dared not open while ours were firing, generally amused themselves by casting their ill-directed missiles among these scattered groups of rambles. The immediate scene, however, was one of relaxation and enjoyment.

The relieved troops, anxious to return to their meals and snug quarters in camp, hailed the appearance of their comrades with smiles ; the relieving party, equally glad to escape the anxious monotony of camp, thought of the gossip and excitement of the coming day with satisfaction. The artillerymen, whom a day of toil and exposure to the sun had wearied, were to be seen on every side swabbing their rough cheeks with the assist-

ance of the *bheestie*, and endeavouring to dig themselves out of the caked dust and sulphurous smoke in which like Herculaneum or Pompeii they had become buried. Here a small group had already set to upon the savoury mess brought them by their cook-boys, and there, sitting on the trail of his trusty gun, some wag was preserving alive the mirth and wonder of his little audience by the uncouth jokes and humour of the barrack-room, and marvellous relations of the exploits of sweet lips. Occasionally a wandering shot disturbed the equanimity of these circles, as it passed hissing sharp over the crest of the parapet, or ran bounding along the trench, raking it throughout its extent, but wonderfully seldom striking any of the crowded passengers and garrison. The wag aforesaid was disagreeably interrupted in the midst, and at the crisis of his very best story, by a one pound ball, that, cutting the fascine above the embrasure, just grazed the cap of his knee, which immediately swelled up to an enormous size. The rest of the story was lost while the narrator rubbed his wound, and his audience sprang laughing and shouting into the trench in rear. But nothing could persuade the wounded man to quit his seat. "No, no,

your honour," said he to the officer of his gun ; " this is the safest spot now, out and out of all in the battery ;—who ever heard of a shot going the same road twice over ?" And though the very next ball cut the felly of the right wheel in two, almost extinguished a little officer whose knee rested against the said wheel, with the fragments of brushwood which it tore from a fascine, and precipitated the captain's kitmutgar, who was passing with a glass of water, into the rear trench, by the pure effect of panic, the wag continued unmoved in his perilous position, opposite the embrasure, until he was summoned to discuss his dinner.

Evening was now fast closing in ; the Eastern bagpipes within the fort had commenced the wailing monotonous strain with which they ever greeted the dawning and the parting day ; the jibes and jokes of the light-hearted soldier had given place to the influence of the drowsy god, as one by one they had fallen away, and rolled up comfortably in their cotton quilts, slept heavily between the guns, or in the trench in rear, utterly insensible to the deafening roar of the twenty-four pounder that from time to time was fired beside them, and to the fragments of our own shells, which, return-

ing from the hostile rampart, were falling all night around them, buzzing like huge musquitos, but inflicting no despicable wounds. A streak of light marking the footsteps of the departed orb of day still hung in a slender conical form over the hostile fort, and at its highest pinnacle the evening star gained fresh radiance as she sunk into more immediate contrast with the lofty ramparts and the dark trees that so picturesquely fringed them. The outline of the place, and its Syrian roofs, and that of a fairy-like summer-house on the highest bastion, might still be traced against the dimly illumined sky. But darkness had mingled into one mass all other features of those extended ramparts. In the immediate foreground the dark guns gleamed menacingly, whose silence was broken only at distant intervals by the fire from one of them upon the breach, which served to measure out to the weary watch the painful hours of excessive drowsiness in the freezing night air which must succeed the hard labour and scorching sun of the past day. These reclined in various positions upon the guns to which they were assimilated by the darkness of their outline; but their captain walked alone the length of the

battery, bringing from time to time the watch he carried towards the lantern, sheltered beneath the parapet. The painful jar of the heavy gun, as its echo passed away, left a sense of stillness upon the ear that was peculiarly impressive. Silence, indeed, there was not, for every battery in the wide segment of our entrenchments continued all night its messages of destruction ; but we are never, perhaps, so sensible of stillness as when it is brought into contrast with some distant indication of life. It was impossible to trace the flight of the soaring shell, wheeling upon its axis, and describing its gigantic curvilinear paths in the heavens, without a feeling of melancholy interest ; and as it fell within the devoted citadel, and gave intimation of having completed its course by the deep-toned hollow murmur of its explosion, while another and another similar planet rose from earth to supply its place, describing a varied obliquity of orbit, but tending all to a common centre, and ending all in the same subterranean echo, that seemed as the groans of their defenceless victims—that interest was wound up to a painful pitch. Sleep, however, is no respecter of the sublime, when she is fortified by toil and long

vigils. I dropped off at a doze while watching the artificial meteors.

How long my slumber lasted I know not ; when it was broken by the roar of artillery, and the incessant volleying of matchlocks, I started up, not yet more than half awake, and utterly unable at first to conjecture my situation. The heavens seemed inflamed by the fire from the fort, which streamed without intermission from every loophole and embrasure in the wide extent of its parapet. The balls passing over head resembled the incessant flight of wild fowl, and although intense curiosity led me to peer above the parapet, it seemed scarcely possible to do so without being struck. The guns of our batteries answered with their rolling thunder ; for the complete illumination of the fort rendered their aim as certain as at noonday. Blue lights were displayed on all the most important points of attack, and bales of cotton, steeped in oil, rolled in huge tumbling masses of flame from the summit to the foot of the left breach. A sight so beautiful and so terrific was seldom witnessed. Our troops, it is true, nestled beneath their parapets, had little to apprehend from their fire ; but it was not possible to

listen to the passage of such myriads of deadly missiles, but a foot or two over head, without a sense of peril. The size and velocity of these could be easily recognised by the peculiarity of the sound they gave. The heavier balls passed with the rushing roaring echo of the rocket ; the matchlock bullet uttered a short sharp whistle, or, if it had grazed the earth, its note resembled nothing so much as the hum of a musquito. The grape might easily have been mistaken for heavy flocks of water-fowl ; and some seemed absolutely to linger on the wing as if weary of their flight, and about to settle down. These latter, thrown from howitzers at a considerable elevation, barely passed beyond the limits of the battery, several men of which were struck on the head by them without sustaining injury—a curious example of the much vaunted theory of the vertical fire.

By degrees, however, the panic which had occasioned this display of valour wore out ; the firing slackened, the blue lights looked very blue, the cataract of blazing cotton bales dried up, and in half an hour's time only the glare which the latter, still burning, threw from the bottom of the ditch upon the ramparts of the place, recorded

the grand illumination which will long be remembered for its beauty by the soldier of Bhurtpore.

A murmur ran along the crowded trench,—
“The mine ! the mine !” Every breath was suppressed ; every heart altered the strength or interval of its pulsations ; every ear was strained to the utmost ; and every eye strove to discern the first rising vapour of the train above the sheltering parapet. It appeared ; it ran along, silent and mysterious, yet a signal to the many thousands who watched it, calling them they knew not whether, to glory or the tomb. It rose—it glided. It has passed its unconfined channel, and is buried mysteriously in the bowels of the earth.

Now, men ! now, warriors ! now, Britons ! and ye, their gallant companions and worthy competitors in arms, a few more seconds restrain your ardour, and then, like a rushing mountain torrent, to the breach, and the long renowned fortress is your own ! Expectation amounted almost to agony, as with nerves strung, and shoulders raised to resist the first shock of the explosion, we waited—waited in feverish suspense—the summons that was still delayed ; for a silence deep as that of the grave usurped the place of the earthquake’s

desolating shudder, and the thin cloud of the arrested train hung a dim exhalation in the air, which should have been darkened by the fragments of yonder gigantic and overawing bastion.

It was while the superintending engineer was in great perplexity for the success of the mine, and unwilling to expose any of his people to the imminent hazard of approaching the saucisse, that a Hindoo faqueer, smeared with ashes and shaggy with sunburnt and never violated hair, stepped forward, and calmly offered to inspect the deadly train and report the cause of delay. He craved, in guerdon, but a slight boon, that his family should be provided for. His desperate offer was accepted. He rapidly and unfalteringly approached the saucisse, he bent down his head to inspect the last footprints of the extinguished fire. The earth trembled, it rocked and heaved before and beneath him. He saw that mighty embattled hill majestically rise and approach him, with a speed that baffled all hope of flight, yet with a solemnity that beggars every power of description. That appearance was the last ever witnessed by the devoted messenger—another

instant, and his mangled remains were to be sought several feet beneath the uprooted soil.

Nothing could exceed the majesty of the spectacle presented to the eyes of the besiegers. The massive bastion, upon which their gaze was fixed, and which, day after day, they had been accustomed to see standing so motionless and unaltered in its aspect, trembled now from level to summit, and gradually rising from its firm foundation, and increasing in bulk as it rose, seemed about to precipitate its overwhelming mass upon the heads of those who had so long insulted it. Still it rose on high, and still it distended ; its form was yet scarcely obliterated, when, suddenly, from every pore of its surface, burst forth the prisoned smoke and dust, concealing the ruin from which it proceeded in one gigantic cloud of dull hue, that rose in graceful silent sublimity high into the blue vault of heaven. There it stood many seconds, like a tower connecting earth and sky, then slowly and most gradually dissipated the aëriform particles upon the breeze of morning ; those of earth returning to their kindred element in long slender streams of impalpable powder, presenting the effect of the most graceful cataract, could clouds

be made to fall by their own specific gravity from the lofty regions where they roll.

To a fanciful eye it might have seemed like some mighty Titan recovering the energies which the thunders of Jupiter had subdued, and shaking from his giant shoulders and matted hair, as he rose from the torpor of ages, the long incumbent ruins of Pelion and Ossa. There was scarcely any sound, yet the air was agitated, and heaved into one stupendous swell, which was felt throughout the corporeal frame, though so little affecting the auditory nerves.

Long before the cloud had begun to disperse, the storming party burst from the trenches, and though several of the most venturous were whelmed in the still falling ruins, the main body had reached the summit before it was possible for the enemy to recover from their surprise, or to pour any but the vaguest fire upon men so sheltered in the obscurity of that mighty veil.

It was not until now that the spirit of the besieged was roused, and even at this moment of threatening disgrace and ruin it burnt in the breasts of but a few. These crested the breach in a firm and formidable body, to whom death

was preferable to disgrace, and who endeavoured by their own sacrifice to atone for the poltroonery of their leader and friends. The contest was sharp, but brief. Shield joined to shield, and shoulder to shoulder,—they bore unflinchingly the first rush of the British onset. As fast as the bayonet and the fire mowed down their ranks, fresh victims crowded to supply their place, who fought with an energy and courage deserving of a better fate ; but the event of the contest in this point was never doubtful as in the left breach, where the advantages of ground so greatly aided the besieged, and where no mine had, by its sudden explosion, disconcerted their previous arrangements. It required but the cheer which so inspires a British heart, and so concentrates the energies of the many into one focus, to bear down all remaining opposition, and enable the colours to be planted firmly upon the height. Thence, spreading in two streams on either side along the ramparts, their progress could be traced easily from without by the advance of their regimental flags, and the ease or difficulty of their triumph calculated by the rapidity or delay of their advance.

The artillerymen left in the batteries, pre-

vented by their peculiar duties from taking any active share in this maddening spectacle, had continued to serve the guns with great steadiness, though devoting every brief interval to the scene in front of them. But when, the storming party having reached the summit, they were ordered to cease firing, lest they should molest their comrades, and when that inspiring cheer burst upon them from the scene of carnage, it was no longer possible to restrain them. One of the batteries was nearly deserted, and there was scarcely one from which a few were not missing; for before their officers suspected their intention, they had slipped through the embrasures of the battery, and were half way to the breach, where, mingling with the tide of the assailants, they were enabled to gratify that mysterious enthusiasm which is the agent of so much evil and good in the human breast.

Meanwhile, I had been appointed to lead a small party up the principal gun-breach on the north side of the main bastion; and after narrowly escaping death from many a huge, inglorious clod of earth, had succeeded in reaching the summit unwounded, at about the same instant as the

storming party on my left, so that I could now bear down upon the flank of the defenders—my own position being but thinly guarded. I bounded forward for this purpose, waving my sword for my party to follow, when the very spot I had that moment quitted, and over which several of my brave men were treading, suddenly burst forth into flame and smoke, casting me down with violence upon the rampart; from which position I beheld my immediate followers hurried headlong into the air, and lost amid the dust and vapour of the explosion. This was doubtless the point on which the enemy had expected the main assault. Had the mine been lodged beneath the spot where the explosion took place, the effect would have been much more disastrous.

A brief but dead pause ensued. There is nothing which soldiers so deeply dread as the concealed mine. Men that will walk to the mouth of a loaded cannon, in the certainty of destruction, falter at the encounter of a peril—the very doubtfulness of which is seized upon by imagination for the exaggeration of its terrors a hundredfold. They who, by being some paces in rear, escaped this explosion, shrunk back irresolute

and unnerved ; while three of the enemy, armed with tulwars and shields, observing me alone upon the rampart, uttered a savage yell and sprang towards me, brandishing their keen and heavy blades. The odds were too great, and I felt them to be so. I drew my pistol, and the next second the foremost of my enemies fell in the death-agony at my feet. Even in that awful moment the vindictive spirit of an Eastern breast did not desert him ; and it was only by an exertion of agility that I avoided a blow from his sword, dealt with all the fury that hate could supply to an arm which was arrested by death ere its career was done. Those who have witnessed the sword-play of the Hindoos have been struck with the wildness of their gestures, and, perhaps, have been inclined to under-rate the incessant shifting of their position over the field of contest ; but they could not have failed to be struck with the wonderful agility displayed in every joint and limb, and the dexterity with which they catch, upon the extremely small buckler used in such games, a successive shower of sharp and rapidly descending blows. A little more experience would convince them

that, upon this constant change of gesture and positions, the success of men armed with weapons so much better calculated for defence than assault, must mainly depend ; especially as wearing no protection to the eyes, their position with respect to the aspect of the sun is of the utmost consequence. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that I should congratulate myself upon the narrowness of the rampart on which I stood ; but many, perhaps, will blame the feeling of reluctance that prevented me from using my second pistol in a contest still so unequal. Skilled in the feints and artifice of Eastern swordsmanship, and understanding the superiority of my own straight cut-and-thrust blade, I bore the onset, and had wounded my second adversary in the sword arm before he could complete his first ineffectual blow ; for, skilful as they are in warding the edge of the sword, the point is never used by them, nor anticipated in their encounter with others. Still the task of avoiding the blows of two swords at once was most arduous and critical, and had not circumstances favoured me, would probably have ended in my destruction. But my first adversary had fallen upon a broken bale of cotton which lay

across the rampart, and which, together with his body, rendered it difficult for either of the enemy to press hard upon me without manifest exposure of their own persons in surmounting the obstacle, trifling as was its height.

Making the most of this fortunate barrier, with a quickness of eye and rapidity of action that gave no leisure for aught but self-defence to my foes, I had not only escaped hitherto with a trifling wound in the shoulder, but perceived from the blood that streamed over the quilted tunics of the natives, and the languor of their descending arms, that my sword had not been used in vain. Pretending now to be exclusively occupied with my foe on the left, the other was encouraged to step upon the intervening obstacle with the view of surmounting it, and taking me in flank; but secretly observing his movements, without turning my head, I dealt him so sudden and unexpected a blow, that the sinews of both legs were severed at once, and he fell helpless down the rampart into the street of the town. Ere the other could recover his shaken nerves, I had leaped the barrier, had closed within his guard, and was in the act of throwing him to the earth, when I felt my own

feet struck from under me, and clasping with my arms this fresh assailant, all three rolled heavily together to the earth, writhing and struggling for the mastery ; but, though stronger than either of my foes, individually, I felt how hopeless is the strife of one man against two,—of two arms and legs against four of either, when grappling in such close encounter. Helplessly extended on my back, I saw, with a feeling which all have experienced in their dreams, my new enemy rise from the earth, his foot still planted on my neck, and raise the fatal scimitar to complete the cowardly achievement. I panted for breath—collected my thoughts with the intense energy of despair—remembered the second pistol still loaded in my belt—my right hand, though fettered, lay almost upon it—I drew it eagerly from its rest—turned it with a motion of my wrist—pressed the small but important spring—the heavy sword flew from the descending arm—it pierced the breast it was intended to save. The death-groan burst simultaneously from both my late opponents. The limbs, clasped around me like the folds of a serpent, relaxed, and no longer impeded my own. I rose from the earth grateful for my preservation,

yet sickening over the agonies to which I had so largely contributed. "At that moment I was joined by my men. They exulted at the issue of the combat; and in the delight of the moment one gigantic hand patted me caressingly upon the shoulder, and shouted in a voice betokening a recent acquaintance with the Irishman's worst foe,—"Och, and it's our slip iv a Captain I'll bet two drams upon, against man, woman, or child."

Meanwhile the storming party had won the vantage ground, and perceiving that my first object was no longer requisite, I hastened at the head of my little party toward the citadel, trusting to be in time to secure the gate by entering with the fugitives, or, at any rate, to prevent the destruction of the causeway. Just as I was about to scramble for this purpose down the inner slope of the defences, I met an officer at the head of his Sipahce regiment, securing the ramparts. In a hurried voice he cried, "I am off to the citadel gate, can you support me in case of success?" Meeting with a hearty affirmative, he pushed on with renewed ardour. I bade my men keep together, and molest no one; and my little party being too formidable and compact

to be an object of attack from a flying enemy, it was not long before the causeway and citadel gate appeared in front, and to our great delight, although the latter was strongly guarded, it was still unclosed ; the causeway being thronged with fugitives, a few of whom only were cautiously admitted. The difficulty, I felt, would be to cross that long causeway without occasioning an alarm, and I feared it was almost a hopeless design. Reluctant, however, to quit it without one attempt, I stationed a serjeant with about thirty of his men among the buildings on the hither side of the moat, to pick off any of the enemy who might appear on the walls, and taking only ten men with me, whom I divided into two columns of single files, to skirt the parapets of the causeway, I proceeded cautiously at first, until I reached the centre of the ditch, when, perceiving that the alarm was spreading, the whole party ran at fullest speed upon the gate. But, in spite of every precaution, the alarm had reached the *durwan*, (gate-keeper,) and the assailants reached the gate but in time to see it closed upon their faces. Paddy O'Rourke, indeed, the gigantic Irishman aforesaid, jammed the butt

of his musket into the aperture, and applied his own brawny shoulders to stop the closing valves; but their massive plated bulk, impelled by the efforts of some twenty of the garrison, crushed the frail weapon as if it had been a green twig in the jaws of an elephant. It was plain, therefore, that their enterprise was hopeless, and it only remained for them to effect as masterly a retreat as circumstances would allow; but this had now become a matter of no little difficulty and peril. The walls were lined with matchlock men, who could pour their fire down through the loop-holes without exposure of their own persons; and the armed crowd on the causeway seemed prepared to dispute their passage through them.

“Now the curse of Saint Patrick upon that clumsy old sinner of a gate, to be crackling and crumpling up my trusty old Bess in that cannibal fashion,” roared Paddy O'Rourke; “where's the boy will just lend Paddy a trusty shillelah?”

And seizing as he spoke a club of full dimensions which a huge whiskered fellow was poising in a menacing manner over his head, he twisted the owner fairly off his legs before he knew what was happening, and left him spinning like a whip-

top upon his hunkers, while he himself capered in the air with delight, and twirled the iron-bound bamboo in his thumbs, as if it had been a riding cane. I had made the most of each precious moment. I formed my little party into the shape of a wedge, and enjoined the most determined preservation of that figure; and perceiving how greatly the enemy on the causeway outnumbered us, knew that it was only by the sudden impetuosity of our onset that we could hope to break through. Paddy O'Rourke and myself having no bayonets, took our position on the flanks toward the rear, to beat off any attack on that ill-protected quarter. The little phalanx then started forward with levelled bayonets, and dashed boldly into the thick of the hostile crowd. Overawed by their impetuosity, the crowd opened a path for them on either side, cutting at them, however, as they passed, and closing fiercely upon their rear, where O'Rourke and myself had our hands full. "You're a jewel of a little Captain!" shouted O'Rourke, mad with delight. "We're the boys for a bit of a frolic, and leathering the niggers' hides." It was, however, barely possible that we should escape from such a *mêlée*

unscathed. Of the numberless blows that had continued to rain around our heads, one at length falling over my guard, inflicted a severe, at least a stunning wound across the temple, and I fell suddenly to the earth unseen by my men in front, who continued to advance until summoned back by the shouts of the stout-hearted Paddy who stood over me, keeping at arm's length with his mighty shillelah the infuriated crowd.

"Arrah ! murther, thieves and blunderbusses !" bawled Paddy with the lungs of an earthquake, "ye're not after leaving our little jewel of a Captain in the lurch, and a murrain to ye ? Back, I say, you spalpeens, and help to set him on his trotters. I'd rather lose fifty boys such as you, than our frisky little Captain.—There now, you've got it," continued he, apostrophizing an unlucky Jaut who had been long pestering him, keeping always behind reach of his blows, but who now fell to the earth, his shield, left arm, and shoulder completely smashed beneath the shillelah. "The niggers have one vartue, and that there's no denying—they make prime shillelahs—the rice eating toads !—the only things heavy enough to break their own cocoa-

nuts." The little party, though sore pressed, would not desert their Captain; they returned and rallied around me; and by this time the party left in the counterscarp having seen their distress, had arrived to reinforce them. The enemy were speedily and completely routed, and Paddy O'Rourke raising his "little jewel of a Captain" in his arms, as though he had been a child of six months instead of a man of six feet, carried me tenderly along until they met, and deposited me in a doolee. Here I recovered myself a little, but my limbs continued numbed and powerless. In passing through one of the town gates, I observed the Captain in charge of it employed in a manner that did justice to the kindness of his heart and the purity of his principles. Attended by several *bheesties*, (water carriers,) whom he had hired for that purpose, and all the doolces he could muster together, he was visiting the heaps of wounded and dying around, extinguishing the fire that had caught their cotton dresses from the muskets of the British, and despatching to the General Hospital such as gave hopes of recovery. The scenes into which this led him were most revolting to human nature; but his

was not the tenderness of feeling that to save itself would leave anything undone for a fellow-creature; and who can doubt the fulness of that reward which the heart receives in contemplating the load of misery it has been suffered to alleviate? The scene inspired me with renewed life. "And am I then luxuriously occupying a conveyance that may be made the means of life to my fellow-creatures!" I called to the bearers to stop, and sprang from the doolee. O'Rourke, who was still watching over me, remonstrated. "Nay, Captain dear, lie snug and aisy, I say. It was a right proper thump you got upon your noddle, which maybe isn't used to such seasoning like mine, seeing you're a gentleman born."

"Rather, Paddy, do you lend me a hand like a kind-hearted lad, to clap these two poor fellows into the doolee. I feel quite well and strong again, thanks to your care!"

"To my care? not a bit, your honour; thanks to your own head for not breaking as some poor paper skulls would at such a knock. But as to these here niggers, I don't care if I do give 'em a help, seeing I've knocked near a score on the head this blessed day."

And Paddy set to work with all his might accordingly ; and walking up to Captain —, I proffered my hand in the warmth of affection. From that moment the stranger and I were bosom friends. The sufferings of the wounded on the battle-field are beyond calculation, and cannot be even faintly conjectured by any one who has not witnessed their condition. There was one circumstance that, in the case of the Bhurtporeans, enhanced their torture in a high degree. Their cotton dresses in the close encounter at the breach, when bayonet and scimitar crossed, had caught fire, and burned like slow matches for several hours, until the little magazine of cartridges in their girdles exploded, rending and scorching them in a horrible manner, and too frequently not extinguishing life. If we add to this their exposure in this sacrificed and mutilated state to the intense cold at night, and burning heat of the noon-day sun, and recollect that these torments in some cases were not closed after the third day—that, during this period, the wounded and the dead lay in indiscriminate heaps, the flies feasting indifferently upon either—the wolves, dogs, jackals, foxes, and birds of prey, not always waiting for death to

prepare their banquet—while the intolerable thirst which seizes the wounded man was scorching them within, and not a hope of alleviation was afforded, we may have some very faint idea of the horror shed by the torch of war upon human nature, and make some faint estimate of the real worth of the bauble which men style glory. Had there been many, however, inspired like Captain —— with the spirit of mercy, the horrors of that carnage would have been beyond measure relieved. Public orders, we believe, were given for attention to the wounded of both parties ; but it is only active individual sympathy that in so wide a field can render such measures effectual.

“ And isn’t this better, Paddy, than joining the riotous dogs, who make merry over their fellow-creatures’ torments ? ”

“ Faith, and I don’t know but what it is,” replied Paddy. “ I had made up my mind weeks afore to have a rousing good tippie this very night ; but these poor niggers has quite turned my stomach ; I can’t hit ’em so hard. There’s one question I’d be proud to ask your honour.”

“ Ask on.”

“ Aren’t your honour an Irishman yourself ? ”

"No, Paddy, I am an Englishman. What makes you ask?"

"Because I'd be proud you were from ould Ireland; but are you sartain sure of it? I can't but think your honour has a drop of honest Irish blood in your body."

"I believe not; but now I think of it, there is a tradition that my mothers came from Ireland several centuries ago."

"I said so, I said so," cried Paddy, joyously; "the very first moment I catch'd your honour after you'd done with them four black fellows, I said to Peter Flannigan, he's an Irishman's pate, by the pokers! Pity he hadn't a bit of shillelah, instead of that foolish stick of could iron, which doesn't come ne'er so natural to an Irish boy's hand."

The next day I visited the town and citadel—the latter having surrendered the preceding afternoon, just as the British were about to blow open the gates. I was amused with the insignificant appearance of the British parallels and approaches, which from that height literally seemed like the work of field rats whenever the eye could distinguish them from the surface of the plain; and I could scarcely marvel that the Bhurtporcans should

preserve their confidence in the star of their fortress to the last, considering how unacquainted they were with European science. Here, too, I was enabled to solve several problems. The reason that the guns of the citadel never fired upon any object within the first parallel of the trenches, I found to be a natural and praiseworthy dread of taking their own out-works in reverse by their unutterably clumsy substitutes for ordnance. Also, the reason why, of the number of balls passing through the embrasures of the bastions, so few took effect upon the guns run back behind them, which I had partly guessed, but which now appeared manifestly elucidated in their being far beyond the line of fire, owing to a slope inward of the rampart, and the great superiority of the bastions in height over the position of the besiegers' batteries. To one of the investing army, there was much that was worthy of observation in Bhurtpore; and as a mud fort, standing in a wide and perfectly level plain, it is impossible to deny its superiority in the principal characteristics of strength belonging to such places, viz., height of wall, prominence of bastion, and breadth and depth of both its inner and outer moats. But

just then it abounded with spectacles most revolting to human nature, which haunted the fancy and disturbed the possibility of enjoyment ; and never, as an object of general interest, nor for a seeker of the picturesque, had this fortress any particular attractions to boast. The matchlocks and shields of most elaborately twisted iron and steel, elegantly inlaid with arabesques of gold, and the chain armour taken at this place and exposed for public sale, were among the most curious and costly works of their kind. Some of the guns also, since destroyed, were extremely elegant, and far better worthy of presentation to his Majesty than the huge, but clumsy, sixty-four pounder which was sent for that purpose to England.

Lord Combermere, the Commander-in-Chief in India, largely added to the renown he had acquired as Sir Stapleton Cotton, by the conquest of Bhurtpore. The failure of Lord Lake had supplied the ground-work of a hundred croakings ; and although skilful engineers were at the disposal of Lord Combermere, it was roundly affirmed that a cavalry General could know nothing of sieges. The result rendered false the sage prophecies.

CHAPTER VI.

DEER STALKING.

And now the din of war is hushed, and we retire to our cantonments to endure, under the cautious government of Lord William Bentinck, some years of inaction, and a diminution of our full batta allowances. Our campaigns were thenceforth against the wild denizens of the jungle and the field, and of these only can I now speak.

One fine morning, which I find dated 3d March 1828, I rose earlier than usual, and set off for some hills a little to the left of the valley, which abounded with the small deer, commonly known as ravine-deer, and reaching their base about day-break, I slowly wound my way up the left side of the nearest to gain a small hollow in which I knew two or three generally lay. These hills were principally composed of black blocks of a dry friable stone, curiously rounded. If water had rounded them, then certainly ages and oceans must have

been expended in the work, so large and so round were the blocks. Many of the same description are to be seen around Banda and Keitah, and there piled up in pyramidical shapes, as if some giant had brought a barrow full of them, and bundling them out, left them there. The hills I was now ascending were nearly bare of jungle, especially on the top, though on the sides there was enough of a low sort of stumpy cover to hide an occasional leopard. To this cover the deer had a great antipathy, and preferred remaining upon the top of the hills, where there was a good spread of table-land, and where they could see around them at some distance in all directions ; and when they had to come up from the plains to their usual places of retreat during the day, they generally came through the cover at a racing pace, by some of the passes best known to themselves, and the consequence was, that when they reached the top they were generally blown, and slackened their pace, stopping to look back, and walking along quietly. I was up to their tricks, and used to walk along the top with a man or two below to give them a start upwards ; but, after all, the hills were so very bare that they generally saw me too

soon, and took any road but the one I wished. To return to the morning in question, I continued stumping my way as cautiously as possible over the round uncomfortable black stones, of all sizes, from a marble to a balloon, of which the hills were composed, (though the Turkey egg size, I think, is the nearest to the average in these regions,) until a gradual turn to the right, up a ravine, brought me a little inside in the hills to the hollow, where I expected my friends, the deer. I had hardly got a fair view of the interior before a doe sprung up. She took a hasty look at me, and set off to the left, round a small mound, about one hundred yards across, which formed the top of a projecting corner of the hill in that direction. I did not fire, though I had my rifle in my hand, as it was rather far for a rifle-shot, and the pace broken and uneven over the stones, but quickly changing, as my Shikarce Nunnoo happened at that time to be close to my elbow, which was not always the case, I set off with my double-barrel to intercept the doe, by running across the neck of the projecting point of land, and I just hit the point. As I guessed, she had kept along the edge of the hill, round the mound, and avoiding the jungle

below, was cutting away for the plains along the top. She passed by me, about sixty or seventy yards off, and I took two deliberate shots at her without success. She only cocked up her tail and skipped twice as high, as she bounded away out of sight. I reloaded, and took the rifle again, and proceeded just along the top, a little below if anything, so that the deer on the plains above could only have seen my head, if any of them were there, and I trusted to the continual ravines and projecting tongues, branches, arms, or whatever you like to call them, which occurred, to shield me from the deer below, and, in fact, it was only when I reached the end of one of these projections that I could see what was going on beyond the next; and each time, as I returned to follow the bend of the bay, which extended from point to point, I lost sight of all the plains below, except that part immediately in front of the horse-shoe in which I was travelling. This peculiarity was most favourable to the sportsman, as a peep round the corner of any one ridge gave him notice of any deer which might be in the next valley, and enabled him to make his arrangements accordingly. I was advancing for this very purpose to one point,

which broke in abrupt rocks, and had carefully surveyed the valley below and seen nothing, when I rose and ascended the highest rock on the corner, to have an additional view and enjoy the fine fresh breeze. Just as I had perched myself upon the top, and opened my lungs to the wind, exulting in health and strength, feeling quite confident I could, without fail, kill anything that might come within shot, and much, I suspect, in attitude like a bantam cock after a victory, a whole herd of ravine deer started from under my feet, and speedily prancing away to the right along the edge of the hill, one shewed me a fair side as she stood for a moment on a projecting rock, between heaven and earth, and I fired, but in vain. The ball whistled through the open air; the echo bounded along from side to side, and the deer rushed away like a whirlwind, and left me alone, crest-fallen and vexed,—how vexed, those can guess who have been similarly situated. There was not much chance of getting anything in the valley I now overlooked, so I descended and cut across to the next point, and having partly ascended it, I saw a herd of some seven or eight deer in the bottom of the next, which was a particularly large

valley for their hills, and much broken up in the bed by small wooded ravines and monticules, as some one calls them. As the deer were somewhat far out, I at once decided upon entering the ravines, and trying to cut them off from the hills, upon the chance of getting a shot at them running by me; for I had often remarked, that when once they took fright, and had an intention of going to the hills for safety, nothing would stop them, they would rush by, do what you would, and this propensity often led to their destruction. The deer had not yet got amongst the wooded ravines; they were trotting about the open part, and, in my anxiety to near them, I fancy they saw my cap over the edge of one of the ravines in which I was creeping; for when I looked up they were scudding away nearly half a mile off in the plains. Coming gradually round to the hills again, I rose out of the ravine, and making up my mind that I should not near them again for half an hour, still set off coasting the bottom of the hills and keeping my eye on the game. They soon recovered their fright, and went leisurely along a-head of me, without any intention of going up the hill in a hurry, so that I had every chance of

intersecting their course, which the nature of the ground greatly aided ; presently they fell in with a herd of cows, which were coming out to feed, and moving very slowly along. The deer seemed inclined to keep them company, in so much that by their stopping near the herd I availed myself of the shelter of one bullock and then another, to get pretty close to them, and yet not close enough, and there were no more bullocks, so I was brought up ; the deer just then began to canter slowly away, and disappearing behind a slight elevation, I calculated their most likely course, and ran to cut them off. I was rather late ; just as I topped the eminence (taking advantage of a bush to shade my head and shoulders) the last deer, a fine buck, was a hundred yards, or near that, from me, and cantering lazily away, with his horns thrown back, and looking very lackadaisical. I put up my rifle, and my finger in nervous impatience was fumbling on the trigger, but I could not satisfactorily cover him, and seeing they were in nowise alarmed, but progressing to a part of the hills where deep and abrupt ravines would give me every chance of a better shot, I drew the rifle down again and let him go on. I

watched them till the last had disappeared round the shoulder of a branch which concealed a steep ravine leading up the hills, which were quite bare of jungle, except a few scraggy leafless bushes, and I then ran for the side of the projection which hid the ravine. I made the best speed I could to gain a half-way station whence to look down on them. When I got there I found I need not look very far down for them, for they were the first on a level with me on the other side of the ravine, half way up its rugged side. I very soon took aim at the old buck, who was the last of the herd as before, and had the mortification to see my ball enter the bank just over his back. Away they all rushed like wild-fire,—luckily my shikaree was nigh, and hastily handed me my double-barrelled gun, with which I took aim again with my finend, and again missed. The ball struck under his nose, and making a furious whizzing, the deer became really alarmed, and stretched himself out most manfully, lying nearly level with the ground, as he made the stones fly behind him. I had yet a barrel, and I redoubled my precautions,—took the line of his flight, covered him dead on the body first, then advanced the gun

about a yard on the line of his progress, and fired as steady as a rock ;—and I was rewarded, for he rolled head over heels. He was up again in a moment, though somewhat bruised, I suspect, by the stones, and made a few strides in the old direction ; but he stumbled very much, and again rolled over, and then he lay without any more struggling against his hard fate. I loaded my gun quickly and went up to him,—both barrels cocked ; but 'twas not required. I found on nearing him that my ball had taken effect upon both his fore-legs, about three inches in front of his chest, as they were stretched out. Had it been six inches farther back I should have been better pleased with the shot. So I was not pleased this time any more than on the former occasion ! As it was getting hot I made the best of my way home, and finished my shikar for that morning.

From this time onwards life was passed in the monotony of a military station, varied only by sport with which I had become familiar.

THE MAJOR ON FURLOUGH.

[Some seven or eight years subsequent to the fall of Bhurtpore, the Major appears to have obtained "leave of absence" to England. His health was somewhat impaired by the climate, hard service, good living, and exposure; but he must have rallied amazingly on the way home, for it seems that the vessel in which he engaged his passage, being rather rickety and leaky, put into Ceylon, and afterwards at the Cape of Good Hope—and at both of these colonies my estimable friend landed, and gave himself up to the sports of the field. I can only find two papers, however, descriptive of what he saw, achieved, and experienced, which seem worthy of retention.]

SPORT IN CEYLON.

On the 31st December 1833, we sallied forth, ranging through this beautiful park-like country, which I shall make no futile attempt to describe,

in quest of game. Deer, partridges, quail, and snipe, were unheeded, although in great numbers. We had not got far before we spied a herd of four elephants. This being the first herd, and we all hot upon the sport, we started off at a regular race, and got into the thick of them. It did not take us long to despatch these, of which R——s bagged two, G—— one, and I one. We then moved on, and before long found three more, which gave us a long chase; but we eventually came up to them unexpectedly. Some of the others who were nearest them pitched into them a pretty sharp fire for a moment. One big fellow charging M——, who had a narrow shave, R—— gave him a barrel then; but being unsuccessful, I came in for a shot and floored him; in the scuffle the other two got off. We then went to breakfast, losing as little time as possible,—the breakfast having followed us out. Before we had finished, another herd was reported, and away we sallied, riding to within a certain distance; then dismounting, and flanking the herd to leeward, (to prevent their winding us,) we crept up to within sight, and then rushed up. I got up first, knocked one down, then gave chase; got a couple

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now joined me, and self followed through a fine forest jungle, dropping our *birds* as we could get fair shots. But presently the herd was met by those who had gone round to flank them ; they were checked ; lots dropped ; others turned on us, and such a *mêlée* it would be difficult to describe. We fancied we had finished them all, when down came one from our rear which I had floored and fancied was dead, but which rose again. I gave him a shot at about six yards, and G—— dropped him at the muzzle of his gun, at a most critical moment, when he must have had one of us, had he not been killed. Thus ended our sport for the first day, having bagged twenty-two elephants between five of us. M——r (the civ.) did not shoot, being so blind he could scarce tell an elephant from a horse. The destruction was,— R—— six ; G——g six ; V——l two, (of which one was a bird ; he and I both fired at once ; he dropped about four yards from me, but I gave him up to V——l ;) M—— one ; self five, and one by a gun-bearer.

The second day we only got twelve, owing to the rain having set in very heavily just as we got up to a very large herd ; but G—— and self had some

desperate work. We volunteered to go into some awful thick jungle, in which we could scarcely move, to drive some elephants out which had taken shelter in it; and I never saw such furious, fearful charging in my life. They let us get up close to them before they moved, and then came bodily at us. The jungle was so dense that we could not get a shot until they were within twice the length of our guns from us. We killed two in this manner; and they literally fell at our feet.

The third day we bagged twenty-two, but the rain again spoiled our sport. On the fourth day, R—— (out and out the best shot) left us, and the other four went out in the afternoon and fell in with some lively birds; one brute charged me gallantly on an open piece of ground, having stepped out from a herd that I was trying to out-flank so as to drive those I did not kill up to the rest of the party. We came on to about fifteen paces, when I gave him a barrel, which only checked him—the next brought him on his knees; but I bungled the business, and he got up, and afterwards (as I thought) killed him and cut off his tail; but some time afterwards, as we were

going through a piece of jungle, we came upon a single elephant roaring. I went up to him, when he instantly charged me, and I floored my gentleman; but to my surprise, when the fellow went up for his tail, he exclaimed it had already been cut off! On examining him, he proved to be the same that charged me before V—— came up, and which he had already docked! On this day M—— had one of the narrowest escapes imaginable; a brute charged him like mad; M—— had no loaded gun, when one of my gun-bearers put one into his hands, which he thought was loaded; he accordingly stood up to his bird, clicked both barrels, when providentially the elephant made after some one else. We bagged twenty this afternoon. The next day we only got eleven, making eighty-seven in five days. While on the moor, shifting ground, &c., we shot eighteen, making a total of 105—the greatest number ever killed by a party in equal time. The reader will ask how we could find such numbers?—it is incredible; but at Ceylon they are literally as thick as cattle on a common. Two escaped. We generally annihilated every one of the herd; and if the weather had been more favourable, I think our numbers (in fact I am

sure) would have been nearer 200 than 100. The ardour was so great, that when we got within distance, we rushed into the middle of the herd, and many an elephant was killed not a yard from the muzzle of the gun.

CHAPTER VII.

SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA—AN EPISODE IN MY VOYAGE HOME.

“ALL is for the best in this best of all possible worlds.” I did not think so when, bumping upon a rock near the entrance to Table Bay, we made incision in the copper bottom of the good ship *Paget*, for the event seemed likely to carry us all prematurely to “Arthur’s bosom.” As it was we were hauled out of the ship in the darkness of the night, wetted to the skin, and left, ultimately, *minus* a portion of our baggage. By great good fortune the leak was for the moment stopped, the vessel got off, and was soon at a safe anchorage ; but the damage done required that we should be docked and subjected to a severe tinkering before another opportunity could be given her of risking the lives of Christians.

Finding that some weeks were to be occupied in this process, and having previously heard from my friend Cornwallis Harris, of the Bombay En-

gineers, that there was "very pretty shooting" in the heart of South Africa, I determined on abandoning for a time the prosecution of the homeward voyage, and getting up a little expedition into the interior. My health was sufficiently restored; I had saved my rifles; and I longed to add to my store of sporting trophies the horns of the eland and the skull of an African elephant.

How I formed an offensive alliance with Messrs. Fitzgerald and Thompson—how we hired waggons and stored them with provisions for six months—how I engaged one Watson as a servant—and how we prepared ourselves with maps, and credentials to Boers and missionaries, boots it not to tell. Let it suffice that in a few days we were in the desert making for the territories of the renowned savage Moselekatse, where we knew that a war was, or had been, carrying on between the Boers of the frontier and himself, in order to punish certain violations of the law of *meum* and *tuum* in respect to the cattle of the colonists. We had penetrated a considerable distance into the desert, when one morning we were awakened by the firing of guns on the opposite side of a river, on whose southern bank we had halted.

Scarcely knowing what to make of it, I had slipped on my clothes, and was proceeding to awaken our people, when my apprehensions were set at rest by one of the drivers, who had discovered that it was only a salute firing in honour of the safe return of the Commando ; shortly afterwards, several waggons were seen moving in different directions on their return home. From one party that halted near us we learnt that the expedition, after penetrating some twenty marches into the interior, had come suddenly upon a party of Raad-Kaffirs, by whom they were informed that Moselekatse, together with his son, had both been destroyed some months previously by a powerful tribe to the north-east, with whom they were at war at the time.

If the fact of the present expedition having penetrated so far as five hundred miles into the Zoolah territories without finding any traces whatever of sheep or cattle, and without encountering any of their foes, excepting a small number in a solitary kraal of eight days from the Dutch camp, did not confirm the correctness of the story, it at least led to the conclusion that Moselekatse and his tribe had suffered some great reverses, and that

they would never again be in a position to annoy the emigrants on the Vaal River. None of the Boers really credited the story of Moselekatse's death; they only affected to believe it because they were tired of an expedition that presented to them no prospect of ultimate success, and were glad of an excuse to return to their homes.

Following in the wake of one of their waggons, I observed a little Bushman and some Kaffirs of both sexes, who were being hurried away from the land of their birth to become slaves for the rest of their lives. The head of the emigrant party on the Vaal River was one Henry Potgeiter, a man well calculated for the post of leader, by courage, skill in the field, and by a thorough acquaintance with the character of the barbarians with whom he has to deal.

The chief of the other great party at Port Natal was Petorius, who was studying how he might best increase his power and extend his influence in this quarter. It had long been his wish and aim to render Potgeiter and his party subject to the authority of the Government at "Notit," and with this view he had deputed one De Clerk to act as a lëndroost in the vicinity of the Vaal River

settlement, through whose agency he trusted to gain over to his side some of the most influential of the Potgeiter party.

The sudden return of the army induced us to alter our plans, and send a deputation to Potgeiter ; it was accordingly arranged that my two companions should ride forthwith to the head-quarters of the emigrants on the Mooe River. On the third day after their departure, I received a despatch from my friends, enclosing a pass for the free passage of the camp across the river, of which I hastened to avail myself without further loss of time. The sudden arrival of my companions in the Dutch camp had caused no slight alarm to the emigrant Boers, who, having just heard a report that five thousand British troops had been landed at Port Natal, immediately jumped to the conclusion that my friends must be the van of the invading army ; and certainly Fitzgerald's bright red hunting-coat that he wore on the occasion, was well adapted to give a warlike character to the mission in the eyes of a people so unsophisticated as the "South African Boers." Be that as it may, it was not till a late hour in the evening,

and until the two strangers had undergone a most rigid scrutiny through chinks and crevices on the wall, that the gallant commandant could be induced to approach his guests, and demand their business.

Being presented with our credentials, and being informed of our names and professions, and of the object of our expedition, the Chief, with a look of incredulity, signified that the matter would be laid before the council on the following day, when it would be decided whether we should be permitted to advance further or not ; with this assurance my friends were invited to partake of an indifferent supper, from which they were shortly dismissed to a still more indifferent bed. Naturally of a suspicious disposition, and with minds blinded by prejudice and hatred towards the English, the Boers had one and all, from the very first, taken it for granted that we were persons in the pay and employ of the Colonial Government, who had been deputed to look and pry into their circumstances and conditions, more particularly with a view of ascertaining whether slavery in any shape was still suffered to exist among them ; and such being the pre-

vailing opinion and belief, it is hardly to be wondered at that they viewed our approach with jealousy and distrust. Vacillation and indecision were the chief characteristics of their councils. The whole of the two following days were spent in grave deliberations, from which followed nothing, and it was not till the evening of the third day that the Raad could make up their minds; the decision was favourable; we were to be suffered to go on, though under the espionage of two strapping fellows, a brother and son of the commandant. These men were selected by the council to nominally accompany us as guides, though the real object of their being sent was to find out who we were, and in how far we were connected with the Colonial Government.

Thus it was clear, I think, that we owed the permission that we had with such difficulty obtained, to advance, to our being regarded as spies of the Government, whose views the Boers dared not interfere with or oppose.

Matters at length being thus happily arranged, we determined to resume our journey on the following Monday, and it was hinted to us that

we were expected to return within the period of one month.

On the Sunday we entertained a select party at dinner, consisting of the commandant, his brother, and one or two members of the council, together with some half dozen others who were not invited, amongst which latter number was one gentleman, who, possessing no particular feature, I should have passed over altogether, but for two remarkable peculiarities ;—one of which was, his using the carving fork for a tooth-pick, and the other, his dining in his nightcap.

The party seemed much pleased with their reception, notwithstanding our limited establishment rendered it impossible to give every guest a chair and a plate : everything was eaten up in no time, each succeeding dish being pronounced to be more *likkur* (delicious) than the preceding one ; after dinner came tea, coffee, and tobacco, under the combined influence of which the commandant perpetrated some jokes, which appeared to give much satisfaction to the gentleman wearing the head-dress. During this stage of the entertainment, the atmosphere of our little tent had assumed a colour and a consistency not un-

like to pease-soup, out of which I was not sorry to see our distinguished 'guests make their exit a little before the clock struck nine.

Early on the Monday morning, we were once more under weigh, and crossing the bubbling stream, whose exceeding purity has obtained for it the name of the Mooe River, we soon lost sight of the emigrants' camp. Our road, if the faint impression of a few cattle and a waggon wheel can be said to constitute one, ran over vast plains which were terminated to the eastward by the round Blue Hills, in which the Vaal River takes its rise; on every other side, the hideous expanse was only rounded by the distant horizon, and as if to complete this dismal picture, the whole country, as far as the eye could reach, had recently been burnt, which gave to the landscape an appearance of almost an earthly desolation. Emerging from this gloomy scene on the following morning, we found ourselves entering a more wooded country, the blackened waste being now varied by occasional groups of the doorn tree; but as we advanced still further, the country again began to present the same features of utter desolation, and it was now becoming but too

evident that the grass had purposely been fired in order to obstruct our advance by the Maetatecs, a tribe of crafty savages that infest the country between the Vaal River and the Cashan range.

On the fourth day, as we were proceeding over this blackened waste, three lions were descried at a short distance from the waggons ; speedily saddling our horses, my companions and myself, headed by our Dutch allies, advanced to give them battle—they were two lionesses and one lion ; the former, not relishing the smell of gunpowder, made off immediately on perceiving us, to some heavy thorn bushes ; the lion, however, disdaining flight, took up his position on a stony eminence, where he boldly waited the attack. As the balls began to play about him, he shewed every disposition to charge, but he had enough in hand in repelling the attacks of the dogs that were worrying him from behind, and before he could gather himself up for a rush, a ball from the Dutchman's long " Rooer " had taken effect in his ribs, and put it out of his power to assume the offender. Advancing now quietly, we arrested his spring with a well-directed volley, and he fell from his lofty position to rise no more. He was a

fine specimen of the male lion, measuring eleven feet six inches. The same day we saw for the first time the largest and most beautiful of the antelope tribe,—the graceful eland. Some of those elegant animals were observed within a few hundred yards of the waggons, quietly grazing under the shade of straggling thorn trees. Startled at our approach, they soon broke into a long gallop, but at the end of a mile and a half their race was ended, and a single ball discharged at arm's length terminated the career of three of these beautiful creatures. The flesh of the eland is extremely above that of any other animal in South Africa, and deservedly so; it possesses all the properties of the finest beef, whilst it retains the flavour of the fattest and most delicious venison. The three specimens were female, and measured about fifteen hands; the bull not unfrequently attains the enormous height of eighteen and nineteen hands. These animals are furnished by nature with a most formidable weapon of defence in the shape of a pair of magnificent straight horns pointed backwards, which vary from two to three feet in length, which they are not slow to make use of

when wounded, or when too closely pressed by the huntsman. A melancholy accident occurred quite recently to a young Dutchman, who was with the late Commando. He was hunting an eland that he had wounded, and having ridden alongside of the animal, was in the act of delivering his second shot, when his horse tripped, and he fell within a few paces of the wounded beast, who, turning instantly upon its pursuer, gored him to death before any assistance could be rendered to him.

The seventh day we entered Cashan Mountain, and transporting our heavy vans with difficulty down an almost impracticable descent, we found ourselves at once in a picturesque country abounding with wood, water, and grass. The next day two more elands were seen and ridden down by Thompson and myself in a few minutes. The next day three rhinoceroses were seen,—one of which I followed with the younger Potgeiter over several miles of infamous ground, but was obliged to give up the pursuit, after wounding the animal twice in the neck, in consequence of my companion's horse getting away from him. On the morrow we were joined by a

large party of savages, under whose guidance we threaded our way through a hilly and thickly wooded country to the banks of the Clerkling. Here we sighted four more elands. Whilst in hot pursuit after one of these, I was charged by a huge rhinoceros, who was under my horse's nose before I was aware of his approach; another of these beasts was observed standing about one hundred yards from the camp amongst some straggling thorn-trees, cautiously creeping up against the wind. We had arrived within fifty paces of him, when the sudden snapping of a bough attracted the animal's attention towards us. He was immediately saluted with three shots, with which he made off. We followed on the bleeding trail, and soon found the animal at bay, and the Dutchman's dogs hanging on his tail. Under cover of some low bushes we approached to within twenty-five yards, when we despatched him with a couple of shots behind the shoulder.

Four days later, whilst encamped on the banks of the Folaan, we were in some danger of having our further hunting operations brought to a sudden close through the carelessness of a stupid fresh servant of Thompson's, who thought fit to

light a fire to windward of the waggon, when it was blowing half a gale. Instantly communicating itself to the long grass with which we were surrounded, the fire spread with fearful rapidity, when the opportune arrival of some fifty savages bearing branches, which most fortunately they had at that moment cut down for the construction of their temporary huts, enabled us to get the fire under before it had reached the waggon. Early the next morning, having received intelligence that a large herd of elephants had passed to the westward during the night, we saddled our steeds, in order to follow the trail. A few hours' diligent search through a densely wooded country brought us in sight of the herd on the banks of the river Morigua. A noble sight now opened upon the view,—a hundred wild elephants in all their native majesty, and in all the dignity of unfettered freedom, stood within a few paces of us, indolently fanning themselves with their huge ears, and ever and anon uttering the faint cry that is peculiar to these extraordinary quadrupeds. Our stealthy approach was observed ere we had advanced many steps; and the alarm being speedily communicated, the whole troop rushed

madly along the wild wood, sweeping everything before them in their resistless course. The ground was peculiarly unfavourable for us, owing to the density of the forest, which prevented our following the herd on foot without considerable danger ; nor were we scarcely better off when mounted, as all the horses shewed symptoms of fear on being confronted with these gigantic animals ; the consequence was, that though several of the troop were severely wounded, only one was *bagged*, a female, who, with an old-fashioned calf, was rash enough to quit the security of the wood for the open plain. On the death of her mother the little one seemed quite to comprehend the nature of its loss, and to understand from what quarter it would have henceforth to look for protection. By a kind of instinct it became at once perfectly tractable, and followed the horses quietly to camp, where it continued several days, when it suddenly pined away and died.

The scene of our encounter with the elephants being upwards of twenty miles from the waggons, we were forced to bivouac for the night in the open plain, with the starry heavens for our tent, and our saddles for our pillows ; notwithstanding

such high authorities as Lieutenant Vaillant and Captain Harris, we preferred going to bed supperless to venturing on broiled elephants' ears, which delicate part, as well as all the other choice morsels of the animal, we left to the stronger digestions of the savages.

Leaving the waggons to proceed to a spot previously agreed upon, we took the field some days subsequently to hunt the giraffe,—some of those extraordinary animals having been observed by the savages about sunrise on that day. An hour's ride over a brown grassy plain brought us to the edge of an extensive mimosa-grove, where we immediately descried the objects of our long search, the stately camelopard. There were three,—the male, readily distinguishable by his dark chestnut coat, his mate, and their young calf. Putting spurs to our horses, we were soon in hot and eager pursuit after the lovely trio, who, startled at our approach, were now sailing with incredible velocity over the plain like ships over the ocean, bending their swan-like necks, ever and anon, as they gracefully glided between the groups of trees with which the landscape was enriched. The ground was treacherous in the extreme, being

full of rents and fissures, which were concealed from the view by the high rank grass with which the country was covered ; putting his foot into one of these holes, Potgeiter's horse came down suddenly, and, rolling upon his rider, left him in no condition to continue the chase. Thus far had the giraffes kept together, and thus far had my two companions and myself ridden in company, when, on entering a second and more thickly wooded park of trees, the giraffes separated, and, at the same moment, too, I lost sight of my companions.

Little heeding, in the excitement of that moment, the tangled bushes and the long sharp thorns with which my path was beset, on I pressed after the remaining giraffe, and ere long had the satisfaction to see that I was gaining rapidly on the object of my pursuit. Another minute, and I was at her side ; when raising my gun to my shoulder I fired, but still she shuffled on. Loading as hastily as I could, I again pressed on, and in a few seconds was once more alongside of the now exhausted giraffe, when raising my gun a second time I fired with steadier aim behind the shoulder. The effect was instantaneous.

Quivering like some stately pine when smitten by lightning, the colossal frame of the beautiful creature vibrated for a few seconds, and then fell heavily against an aged tree, which crashed and crumbled under the weight of that giant form. On approaching my hard-won prize I found it was quite dead,—the mild expression of the full and liquid eye had given place to the cold stony stare of death.

The following day we saw no less than twenty-six of these extraordinary quadrupeds, four of which were added to our game list. After riding down a stately male giraffe, I had cut off his tail, and with the valuable trophy slung behind my shoulder, I was in the act of re-mounting, when, taking fright at the dazzling brightness of the orange-tinted skin, away sprung my little horse, and in an instant was bounding wildly over the plain. Directly in his path stood a clumsy rhinoceros, who charged down upon him five or six successive times ; once, but once only, did the beast seem to be aware of my presence, for ploughing the ground with his ponderous horn, down he came within a few yards of where I stood. Almost powerless from the great exertions I had already

made to recover my horse, I shouted with all my might, which had the effect of turning the animal, nor did he trouble me again. In the meantime my little nag was hurrying over the wild flat towards the forest, from which I had emerged some hours before. In a few minutes he was out of sight, and I had abandoned all hope of seeing anything more of him, and had made up my mind for a second bivouac with the wild beasts of the desert, when, far in the distance, I fancied I could discern the figure of a man on horseback. I immediately fired both barrels along the ground in the direction of the object, and hoisting a red handkerchief on the muzzle of my gun as a signal of distress, I soon had the unspeakable satisfaction of perceiving a horseman riding towards me. It proved to be my servant Watson, who luckily had observed a riderless horse scouring over the plain, which, having secured, he was now bringing up to me.

He had been engaged during the time that I had been absent from the rest of the party in catching a young giraffe, which he accomplished by throwing a noose over his neck. Poor thing! it did not live to reach the waggons, having

burst a blood-vessel in its attempt to regain its liberty.

One night the repose of the camp was interrupted by the intrusion of a lion, who managed to fix one of the oxen before the alarm was given. He was scared from his prey before any actual damage was done. The following day we killed three rhinoceroses and wild buffaloes and an eland ; one of the former led us a dance of eight miles before he could be induced to yield ; and it was not until nineteen bullets had penetrated his frame that his spirit was humbled, and that he fell to rise no more. In one of his charges he nearly succeeded in overthrowing Fitzgerald's horse, who, whether from fright or otherwise, would not answer the spur.

We next encamped upon the northern bank of the Mariqua, not far from the spot where, two years previously, the Boërs destroyed three of Moselekatse's principal kraals, thus amply retaliating upon the Zoolahs for the serious losses they had sustained in their former encounter with the Grikas.

Of those large villages so recently alive with the busy hum of thousands, nothing now remains

to mark the site save a few naked stones, and the bleached bones of the hapless inhabitants. Shifting the camp by easy marches, we continued to hunt the eland, the rhinoceros, and the giraffe.

Having again captured a calf of the latter, Watson and myself proceeded to drive it into the camp, which was distant about seven miles ; but it sunk to the ground from exhaustion before we had accomplished a third of that distance, and turning its mild eyes imploringly towards us, gave up its life without a struggle. Some days afterwards, whilst hunting elands, we came suddenly upon some giraffes, amongst which was a singularly beautiful male calf. Being better mounted than my companion, I volunteered to make a final effort to capture the young one and bring him to the waggons ; accordingly, giving my gun to an achter rider, and taking a running noose in my hand, away I went. Directly before me was a huge rhinoceros with its ugly calf, which charged immediately on seeing me ; a very few strides of my gallant little nag sufficed to place me beyond the reach of the monster, who now proceeded to direct his fury against my companion, by whom he was saluted with a volley which caused him to

retreat to some neighbouring bushes. A gallop of a couple of miles brought me alongside of my giraffe, which I secured with the first throw of my lasso. I found him, however, too strong and too fresh to hold ; and after being nearly dragged off my horse several times, I was obliged to let go and run him another mile, when his strength was nearly expended. I then made him fast to a tree, and galloped to the waggons, which were only two miles off. Having obtained the requisite supply of hands, I returned to the spot, and had the mortification to find my pretty prize dead, and already half devoured by vultures. It had got strangled in the short noose by which it was secured.

Leaving the Tolaan we retraced our steps to the Clerkling, where we hoped to find hippopotami, fresh marks of these animals being abundant on both sides of the river. Our search was unsuccessful. Here we saw, and shot for the first time, two rare and noble bucks—the Waterbuck and the Bastard Gemsbuck. Both animals are destitute of speed, and may be ridden down with ease.

The habitat of the former is confined to the river banks, whilst the latter occupies the summits

of the more elevated hills. Whilst encamped at this place Fitzgerald had the misfortune to lose one of his best horses in a sudden and most unexpected manner. He had dismounted to run after a young calf eland, which he caught; the horse, in the meantime, strayed down to the river to drink, when he was attacked by a lioness and her cubs. A diligent search was made early the next day for the lady and her family, but without success.

It had been intimated to us before quitting the Dutch camp that it was expected we should remunerate the services of the men that were to accompany us as guides, and at the same time we were told that £30 would not be considered too large a sum to offer them. We were rather surprised and somewhat annoyed at this heavy demand upon our purses, considering the circumstances under which we had been saddled with those individuals; we found, too, on referring to the treasury chest, that we had not one half of that sum in store; apprehensive, however, lest they should make it an excuse for withdrawing the permission they had so tardily granted us to proceed, should we refuse compliance with their terms, we met the spirit of demand by offering

to make them presents of guns and horses equal in value to the sum above stated, so soon as the hunting should be completed, and upon this understanding they agreed to accompany us. Their conduct during the period they were associated with us was respectful and unassuming. They fed at our table, and had the run of our horses, and in every respect were placed on an equal footing with ourselves.

It was our wish and intention to have crossed to the north side of the range, where we had reason to believe that the greatest abundance of game existed, but whenever the proposal was made it was invariably met by some objection on the part of the guides; water we were told was scarce, or fuel, or there was some other difficulty in the way of our going there; their real reason for objecting was, that their brother was engaged in hunting elephants in that quarter, and they were fearful lest we should come and lay claim to a share in the profits of the expedition; nor is such selfishness so surprising when it is recollected that war and want have so reduced this once affluent family as to render their subsistence entirely dependent on the success of their guns.

Owing to the numberless delays we had met with, I now found that to cross the range would occupy a longer space of time than I could conveniently spare with reference to the state of my leave of absence ; our supplies, too, were fast disappearing, and we had already destroyed almost every variety of game, and had enjoyed the most magnificent sport that can be conceived, embracing the largest and noblest quadrupeds in the creation. It was, therefore, determined to yield to the Dutchmen's objections, and confine our hunting operations entirely to the south side of the mountains. There we remained a few days longer, when the very reduced state of the commissariat warned us that we must prepare to retrace our steps to the colony. Accordingly, I took leave of my companions, whose cattle were too poor to keep pace with mine, and in company with the elder Potgeiter set out on my journey homewards.

On the way I made an attempt to run down the ostrich ; I had previously failed whilst encamped on the banks of the Vaal River ; this feat, however, I subsequently accomplished on two occasions, when my horses were in better wind and condition. The first chase lasted one hour, and

a half, the second, two hours and twenty-five minutes ; during the latter run I could not have ridden less than thirty miles, judging from the pace, and under the most unfavourable circumstances, there being a very high wind the whole time. I nearly sacrificed my best horse in this arduous undertaking, and having received a severe fall myself in the early part of the day, I was so exhausted at the end of the chase that it was with difficulty I could administer the *coup de grace* to my hunting victim.

It is said that the Corannas are able to run down the ostrich on foot, a fact that my experience tempts me to doubt, seeing that this gigantic bird is little inferior in wind and speed to a well-bred horse.

I halted two days with Potgeiter at Mooe River, in order to recruit my cattle. It was there I saw in real perfection the internal economy of a Boer's house.

The principal and predominating features were children, tea, water, and snuff, all equally important in the eyes of the Dutch frow ; the background of the picture being filled up by a few Hottentots of both sexes, and a few of the most

ordinary articles of household furniture. The waggon-box, like Goldsmith's chest of drawers, "contrived a double debt to pay," served in the place of a table, around which several urchins were crowding, clamorous for the half-drowned tea. I gained the heart of the good frow by my admiration of her children. There were thirteen, of sizes from the blushing maid of eighteen to the infant at the mother's breast. I left this family with something like a feeling of regret, for my short stay amongst them had enabled me to discern that though the Boers have many bad points, yet they are not without some good ones also, among which may be classed the exercise of hospitality and a sincere regard for their children and relations.

On the evening of the 26th of August, I recrossed the Vaal River, and encamped upon our old ground. I was detained the whole of the next day by heavy rain, which set in and continued with such violence during the whole of the 26th and 27th, as to render further progress not only disagreeable but impracticable. Those boundless plains that now lay betwixt me and the colony, and which stretched away without

intermission over a space of nearly four hundred miles, seem to have undergone considerable change within the last few years. The Trek Boers are now scattered at certain intervals over that vast region wherever a running stream affords a sufficient supply of water for the purposes of a farm. The countless herds of antelope that reliable authors have spoken of, have gradually disappeared, and sought security in the hitherto undisturbed tracts that lie west of the River Vaal. The growl of the savage lion, and the mournful howl of the hyena, are still, however, to be heard as they prowl at night over those silent plains on the trail of the incautious zebra, or the scent of the hare-brained gnu. Deserted stone kraals are almost daily to be seen from the road; these lately contained whole families, whose bones are now whitening around their once happy homes.

It is difficult to credit, and painful to reflect upon the barbarous ravages and cold-blooded massacres that have been perpetrated among these inoffensive tribes by the Zoolah despot Moselekatse; whole regions have been laid waste, villages depopulated, and tribes annihilated by this monster and his captains. The mother's

tear and the infant's cry have alike been disregarded ; all have been murdered indiscriminately without respect to age and sex, and for hundreds of miles the country is altogether destitute of inhabitants, save perhaps a few skulking Bushmen that remain to dispute with the lion and the wolf, the empire of the wilderness. Those wild barbarians, who are scarcely higher in the scale of existence than the beasts with whom they are associated, live in holes under ground, or in crannies in the rocks, and earn a precarious subsistence by the destruction of wild animals which they catch in pitfalls, or destroy with poisoned arrows. When game fail they live on bulbous roots. They have no cattle or sheep ; nothing indeed beyond their bow and arrow, and maybe a half-starved dog. They are destitute of knowledge and religion ; and mankind they regard in the same light as the beasts of the field ; on their approach they quit their old haunts, and plunge deeper into the pathless waste. Since the emigration of the Boers, some of these savages have been seized by the farmers, and have proved, I am told, active and intelligent servants. I question much, however, whether the Boers are

the best people in the world to teach a barbarian to respect civilisation, if what I was lately told by a young Dutchman be true, viz. : that fourteen of these unfortunate Bushmen had been shot not long since by a party of Boers on the Wooden River, for the alleged murder of a Hottentot servant.

The remainder of the monotonous journey down was unvaried by any event worthy of notice, excepting perhaps the following :—

I reached the missionary station of Talaooncha on the 5th of September, and on the 14th of the same month, I arrived at the banks of the great river. Here I was detained till the 17th, owing to the swollen state of the stream, which had risen to such a height in consequence of the late rains, as not only to render all the drifts impossible, but also to prevent the working of the flood for several days ; at length, however, after watching the gradual subsiding of the muddy element, I had the satisfaction of once more placing my foot in the colony ; but my misfortunes were not yet over, for, in crossing the river with my baggage, the crazy raft sunk on reaching the middle of the stream, and from the opposite side I had the mortification to witness the irre-

coverable loss of all my guns and saddles, and in fact everything that my waggon contained.

On the evening of the 17th I arrived at Colesberg, after an absence of nearly five months, during which I had travelled nearly fifteen hundred miles.

In such a journey, the lover of the picturesque will find nothing to repay him for the numberless annoyances and privations which he must submit to whilst traversing this hideous country ; but the lover of the chase, on the other hand, will readily forget all his difficulties in the magnificence of the sport he will meet with after quitting the Dutch settlements on the Mooe River.

It has often truly been said, that there is no pleasure without its alloy, and so it is with hunting in South Africa. In the most exciting moments of the chase, whilst pursuing the wild elephant, or the stately giraffe, I frequently felt how much the charms of the diversion were lessened by the risk one runs, and by the dread one feels of losing himself in a country inhabited only by wild beasts.

The difficulty of noting accurately any par-

ticular hills or slopes is very great, owing to the similarity of their features, and the general monotony of the landscape ; and then again the treacherous mirage—magnifying every object within the scope of vision—serves further to perplex the traveller, who, now viewing every form through a false medium, soon becomes fairly bewildered in his attempts to recognise the points he may have previously observed. It is rather singular that Captain Harris and myself should have lost ourselves almost on the same spot, and that we should both of us have previously taken the bearings of the only remarkable feature in the landscape, viz., the three Table mountains which bore about N.W. of us at a distance of some twenty-five or thirty miles.

One more scrap of sporting adventure in South Africa, and then hey for Old England !

A NIGHT ON THE BONTIBOK.

“ Donner en blitzem ! what a night it is ! ” exclaimed Martinus Appel, the leader of my band of *Baastairds*, (as the half-bred Hottentots of South Africa are designated,) “ ’twas

well we reached the waggon before night-fall, Mynheer."

And so it was; but that my readers may be able to agree with the said Martinus, I must mention, that myself and party of Hottentots had been for some days shooting antelopes and gnus on the wide extent of undulating grass land styled "The Bontibok Flat." On the day in question, we had killed our usual number of antelopes, and, on our return home, had fallen in with and shot a very fine male lion, about three miles from the spot where my waggon and tent stood. Slight drizzling rain had been falling all the afternoon, which had, about eight o'clock, changed into one of the heaviest pours I have ever seen. Anxious to preserve the skin of the lion, I had it brought into the small single-fly round tent, in which I slept, and pegged to the ground, of which it occupied more than the half, while my bed of dry skins covered the remaining space. The Hottentots and myself had just finished stretching and pegging out the skin, when Martinus Appel made the above exclamation, which the weather, certainly, amply warranted. The rain beat down in tor-

rents, and with a violence quite terrific, making the tight-drawn canvass ring like a drum-head, the thinness and diaphanous nature whereof allowed the incessant lightnings to play, as it were, through and through the tent, while the loud voice of thunder added its terrific bass to the plaintive wailings of the oxen, who, tied to the waggon-wheels and yokes, were exposed to the pitiless raging of the storm.

The Hottentots crouched on the ground near the door of the small tent, while I sat upon my bed of skins, and served out to them their nightly portion of the narcotic weed, and their *soopie* or dram of Cape brandy. At length the leader having swallowed his *soopie*, observed, "It is a bad night this, Mynheer, for the *wife* (the Dutch name for the lioness) to go her rounds, and if she meets any one on the flat, she will do mischief to-night."

"What do you mean," asked I, "by going her rounds?"

"Why," replied Martinus, "whenever a lion is shot, its mate not finding it, traverses during the succeeding night every inch of the flat searching for him, and at such times they are necessarily

fierce, although they will not touch any game, but traverse the plain openly, and without any attempt at concealment, continually calling to their vanished companion."

"Yes," said Janshill, or *Hair Trigger*, a nickname given him for his good shooting; "many a tale used old Hans to tell me of wifes searching for their *mannikees*. But, come, men, and let us take advantage of this momentary lull, and get into and under the waggon to sleep, and let Mynheer too get to sleep."

"*Goedin nacht*" was pronounced by all, and the Baastairds betook themselves to my waggon, which was about one hundred yards off, and were soon fast asleep in spite of rain and thunder, while I too got into bed, and very shortly followed their example, leaving London and Princess, two large Scotch stag dogs, to keep their accustomed watch at my feet.

How long I had remained in the arms of Morpheus I know not, but I was suddenly aroused by a sound as if the thunder had been imprisoned in the earth under my tent, and was striving with terrific force to gain its freedom; the earth literally shook. I started up to a sitting posture, and

instinctively, without any definite notion of danger, seized my *roer*, (or large gun,) which lay by my side, and, at the same moment, a flash of vivid lightning shewed me my two dogs in the act of springing through the half closed door-way of my tent, every tie whereof was broken by the violence with which, in their alarm, they sprang to face the coming danger. A moment afterwards I heard the rush of the dogs as in chase of something, and then I struck a light, and lighting a candle, looked to the caps of both my guns, and slipped a second bullet into each barrel. Having done this, gun in hand, I sat on my bed with my face to the now open door-way of the tent, fully expecting an attack ; for I had by this time discovered that the sound which had awoke the dogs and myself was the roar of the lioness close to my head, she having just scented the warm and steaming skin of her mate, which was spread in the tent by me. In a few minutes the dogs returned, Princess free from hurt, and Old London but slightly scratched in the face, both of them, however, in a state of extreme excitement, full of pluck and very determined, but without that appearance of dash and *cockiness* which was their wont when their

blood was up. They both lay down at the door of the tent, with their heads on their paws, peering into the dense darkness, and every few minutes uttering a low and angry growl, as the lioness, who had removed to some distance, made the earth tremble with her peculiar roar. I now bitterly lamented having brought the skin into the tent, but it was too late to remedy the evil. Vainly and ineffectually did I strive to make the Hottentots, or my servants, hear me calling to one of them to keep a look out, and fire at all hazards when the lioness reappeared, if he could see her, as was probable when she approached the circle of light which the candle shed around through the transparent canvass of the tent. Tired with their day's work, they would have slept though Jove himself had been thundering in their ears. I had just come to the pleasing conclusion, that I must depend upon myself for my escape, and had settled the mode of proceeding as follows, namely, that the moment the lioness appeared at the door-way, I should slit with my knife the canvass behind me, and so make my exit, leaving the tent to her, when her roars growing momentarily louder shewed she was again advancing to the attack.

On she came, slowly and quietly, till I could hear her deep growl behind me, and then she went gradually round the tent, as I fancied from the sound, till the dogs saw or scented her. With a growl and a bark, away they went at her. A few snaps and growls were heard, and then the dogs returned, again unscathed but by some trifling scratches. It seemed as if the lioness, in her anxiety to reach the place where she fancied her mate was confined, scorned to do battle with the dogs, while they were determined to prevent her too near approach to the tent, which, had she once got close to, the inherent dread of fire, which all wild animals have, would probably not have been strong enough to prevent her entering. The above advance and retreat were several times repeated, during the whole period of which I sat on the bed with one gun in hand, the other by my side, and my long knife lying on the bed, looking through the door-way in the hope of being able to see and get a shot at the lioness without exposing myself to her vision, which would have certainly brought her at me at once at all hazards. At length the long wished for morning began to dawn. The rain had ceased, and as the first few

streaks of daylight tinged the horizon, I stole to the door of the tent and looked forth. The dogs, who preceded me, stood a few yards in advance, barking and growling at an undefined and undistinguishable object about fifty yards off. I was doubting whether or not I should risk a shot, when the voice of Martinus Appel in the waggon was heard giving out the two first lines of the Dutch Psalm with which my Balfour Hottentots invariably welcomed the morning. Often, and sometimes in peril too, had I heard the voices of those rude wild men raised to celebrate the return of the glorious day, but never did sound convey to me the delight which I now experienced. It was not only an assurance of present succour, and of the perils of the night being over, but told me that I had those at hand who would aid me in avenging on the animal my disturbance and fears of the past night. The Hottentots' usual alarm signal,—a low long whistle, brought two of my followers to the tent. They were forthwith despatched on the "*spoor*" or trail of the lioness, which was now seen making off slowly and unwillingly across the flat, every moment turning and casting an indignant look at the tent, and

then, with her mouth close to the ground, giving vent to her rage in one of those long deep roars which those who have once heard them near can never forget. As these sounds grew fainter I lay down and slept for some hours, and then, the party having breakfasted, cleaned their guns, and made every preparation for a severe fight, we started, taking only our stanchest horses, to shoot the lioness which Jan Snell and old Hans had marked down, and the latter was still watching while the former came to guide us.

We found her, as we anticipated, very savage, (*al te kwal*, Martinus called it,) and she nearly disabled a good horse for me; but her skin that night was pegged by the side of her *mannikee's*, but not, as may be imagined, *inside* my tent. The lesson of that night will not be forgotten.

CHAPTER VIII.

MY ADVENTURES IN SPAIN—VIVA YZABELLA SECUNDA !

IN the year 1835, Spain had become the theatre of that most deplorable species of warfare, an intestine struggle for the sovereignty of the kingdom. It is not my intention to enter into a disquisition upon the respective claims of Donna Yzabella and Don Carlos to the throne—in fact, soldiers seldom investigate the justness of the cause for which they fight ; and I was not a whit more inquisitive on this point than others of my cloth—it was enough for me to know there was a row going on in Spain, that England permitted her subjects to take up arms in defence of her Most Catholic Majesty, and, with the natural sympathy of my countrymen towards the fairer part of the creation, I felt delighted that I could thus devote my sword to the service of the lady. Accordingly, I offered my services, and meeting with a favourable reception, entered the First

Lancers on the 9th of July 1835, a preux chevalier of the youthful Reyna Yzabella.

From this period, therefore, I date the commencement of the hardships and starvations which I afterwards endured. I do not pretend to give an account of the plans (if a series of confusions and mistakes could be so called) which, in general, directed the operations of our leaders, but merely to relate those matters which came under my own observation; and if I should seem to introduce myself too often upon the stage, it should be recollected that in memoirs such as the present, the writer must not unfrequently have been an actor in the scenes which he attempts to describe.

Two or three days previous to the march of the Lancers from London, we mustered in a large timber-yard near Charles Street, Westminster, where Colonel Kinloch (a tall handsome fellow) harangued a motley group of about three hundred individuals, taken from every possible grade in society. There was the ruined gentleman, the outcast prodigal, the branded thief, the ardent enthusiast, flying from a peaceful happy home and an affectionate family, to seek the bubble reputation on the sterile fields of war; and the high-

souled but needy veteran laying aside his crutch in hope once more to gather the fruitful olive where he had only found the barren laurel. Colonel Kinloch's address to his men was just in the empirical style which suited them. He eulogized the sunny clime of Spain—its vine-clad hills, its verdant valleys ; nor did he forget to dwell upon the beauty of the dark-eyed Spanish girls, and their decided partiality for Englishmen ; he expatiated largely on the advantages likely to arise from the war, and on the glory of dying an honourable death upon the field. "Compare," said he, as he grew more animated, "the opportunity which presents itself to you of distinguishing yourselves in the annals of fame with the lot of those who, for the last eighteen years of peace, have died ignobly in their beds." The gallant Colonel concluded his oration by *requesting* that the men would *wash their faces*, and let the hair grow upon their upper lips. The Colonel was followed by the Adjutant, a little fiery jovial veteran, who reiterated all the specious arguments, but whose heart being long divided between the bottle and the ladies, added, by way of further inducement, that they should get drunk every night of their lives upon

rich Spanish wines, and make love to girls with hair as long as his whip. Loud were the demonstrations of applause which followed this announcement ; and the parade was then dismissed, with orders to muster upon a certain morning upon Vauxhall Bridge, preparatory to our march to Kingston-upon-Thames. Our arrival here was celebrated by a jollification of no ordinary nature. But as I presume that, at this period of civilisation, there are few who cannot form an adequate conception of such scenes, I will not here attempt to describe it ; suffice it to say, that after the usual routine of toasts, sentiments, politics, and wit, singing and laughter, it was proposed by some of the party, that as a suitable termination to the evening, we should adjourn in quest of more varied amusements ; so, forthwith, almost all, (myself and another excepted,) according to their tastes and dispositions, parted off, chiefly bent upon love and murder—the last of which propensities, however, seemed the only one likely to be gratified ; for, amidst the commotion we excited, some of us were soundly thrashed by the inhabitants ; the little town was thrown into a state of confusion by our exploits, and the psalm-singing part of its popu-

lation scandalized into excessive wrath. How little qualified to judge of the movements of our nature are those who censure too severely the follies of their fellow-beings, without investigating the source from which they flow ! Could they say that, amongst the most thoughtless of the revellers, there were not those whose hearts ached with the sense of lost domestic happiness, and that they felt as if this transient sunshine of affected gaiety dawned upon a career which would shut them out from it for ever ? However, the achievements here unfortunately occasioned the dismissal of a young officer named E——t, who was but slightly implicated in the affair ; but as the character of the corps was at stake, and some one should be offered up as a propitiation to public opinion, the lot fell unluckily upon poor E——t, who, truth to say, was the least culpable of the entire party.

From this place we proceeded to embark on board the Lord Lynedoch transport, at Gravesend ; but judge of our surprise, upon going on board, to find that not a single arrangement had been made for our reception—not a cabin fitted up aft, and the men literally huddled together like so

many swine, without so much as a drop of water to allay the parching thirst which their march upon a burning day in July had created. To add to their distress, our numbers were increased by above five hundred infantry, which made their condition more to resemble that of the wretches who perished in the Black Hole at Calcutta, than that of people in a British ship, and upon the borders of the British capital. The jealousies and animosities, too, which have always existed between cavalry and infantry, had already begun to display themselves among this infantine force, who could not properly claim the name of either. As night approached, they broke out into absolute violence ; and it was with much difficulty, and at the hazard of our lives, that we could restore even the semblance of order. During the night, a number of poor wretches, who had been soaked with a shower of rain, were supplied by mistaken kindness with large quantities of spirits, which produced intoxication and its inevitable results, riot and confusion. Whilst these things were doing upon deck, an almost similar species of debauchery and excess was enacting in the cabin. Here the officers, not finding the means of repose, set to spending the

night over the bottle ; speeches were made about the young Queen ; songs sung in anything but concert ; bottles drained and cards exchanged ; and finally, the revellers buried their discomforts in a general sleep ; so that, when the steward came in the morning to regulate the cabin, he found, scattered about as thick “as forest leaves on an autumnal day,” the leaders of the Queen’s invincible legion in a state more easy to imagine than describe.

During two successive days we were detained here taking in water, clothes, provisions, arms, &c. The troops, releasing themselves from all control but that of their own undisciplined will, converted the ship into a perfect pandemonium. To add to our distress, the Adjutant-General Le M——t was a person eminently endowed with the genius of confusion ; he was a tall, wild-looking man, with a strange vehement manner, in which he issued a hundred contradictory orders at a breath, flying about all the time in a restless manner ; his eyes apparently starting from his head—the veins in his forehead swelled out like so many conduit pipes—his whole demeanour undignified and discomposed from over-exertion.

He affected brevity and despatch, and seemed to think that the sole merit of a commander consisted in the Buonapartean rapidity with which he issued his orders. A favourite phrase of his used to be, "nothing can be easier," and which he as frequently applied to the impossible as to the difficult; as, for instance, he remonstrated eagerly with the captain of the ship upon the delay attendant upon the embarkation of the stores, and expressed his surprise that he would not put out to sea at such an hour and such an hour; and at every remonstrance exclaimed,— "Well, nothing can be easier—sling your water-casks into the hold—hoist your bales on deck—square your yards, and put out to sea immediately; nothing can be easier." At length we sailed for the Downs, and here a serio-comic incident occurred, highly illustrative of our peculiar situation. The ship captain, a corpulent, ungainly man, wholly unprepared for the uproar and confusion in which he was suddenly involved, moved about the deck like a huge leviathan, in a state of distracted imbecility, as if to increase his troubles. The poor man had one fair daughter on board; she was pretty, and consequently the

subject of the gallantries of half the young fellows on board, much to the chagrin of the girl herself, who could scarcely stir from her cabin without being besieged by the fooleries of a dozen impertinent coxcombs. This domestic annoyance aggravated the captain's uneasiness of mind, and doubtless, in some degree, accelerated the melancholy catastrophe of his death ; for in one of the many states of excitement into which he was thrown, he expired in a fit of apoplexy, and the steward, almost worried to death, and dreading to put to sea with such a set, resigned his situation and went on shore. Finding that the Lord Lynedoch could not properly accommodate more than half the number on board, the cavalry, with the exception of one troop destined to found a dépôt at Santander, were sent to Portsmouth, and put on board a Government hulk, the "Swiftsure," where we remained for a month for purposes inscrutable to all save the wisdom of our leaders. During this period the principal employment of the soldiery consisted in getting drunk and creating disturbances, and of the officers in lounging away their time in the shops of pretty women, about whom several gentle-

men's rows and bitter jealousies had originated. At last we were fairly embarked in the "London Merchant" steamer; and after a tempestuous voyage of eight days, arrived, not in the harbour of Santander as we expected, but in that of St. Sebastian, at that time *besieged* by the Carlists. The appearance of the shore is very picturesque, and the sanguine anticipations which we had formed of Spanish scenery, were not belied by this first glimpse we caught of the promised land.

Lying at anchor, we appeared as if enclosed by a lake bounded on one side by the town, and on the other by bold acclivities. Through the vista between these burst upon the sight a beautifully varied country, and here and there a farm-house, a convent, or ancestral ruin; whilst the inhabitants, dressed in the bright colours of their country, thronged around us in boats to sell their fruit and wines, giving life and animation to the whole. The following day we reached Santander, a respectable commercial town when viewed from the harbour; its best buildings being situated upon the quay. We had buoyed up our minds with the ex-

pectation that we should be received as the future deliverers of the country, and looked for an enthusiastic reception ; but, instead of all this, not a shout welcomed our arrival,—even curiosity seemed to take no interest in us, and we were permitted to march to our quarters with the most apathetic indifference upon the part of the inhabitants.

Quocunque me tempestas rapit ; deferor hospes. Such were the unfavourable auspices which marked our *début* in Spain. We found at first an affectation of cordiality upon the part of the municipal authorities ; but subsequently most of the hardships and inconveniences which the Legion endured, were owing in a great measure to their tardy and reluctant co-operation, being chiefly men of decided Carlist politics, and held in unwilling obedience by the strong coercion of military force.

Being on duty the day I arrived, it was necessary that I should remain at the barracks ; so after I had the watch setting reports, and taken the rounds, I threw myself upon a mattress of shavings, which happened to be in the room I had taken possession of ; but scarcely had I

laid myself down, when, as if by preconcerted signal, a whole host of those vile vermin which infest Spain as if with a plague, ravenously assailed me, attracted, no doubt, by the *bonne bouche* of a fresh foreigner ; they continued their attack till I thought myself like “Caliban” in the “Tempest.” It happened, too, to be the anniversary of the festival of one of their numerous Spanish saints, and a crowd of vagabonds had assembled beneath my windows to celebrate it, where they kept up such an incessant din with their discordant voices, tambourines, and castanets, that Morpheus himself could not have endured it ; indeed, I may safely assert, that the popular tradition of Spain being a “land of song,” is founded more upon the number than the ability of those who cultivate that accomplishment ;—a good singing voice amongst them being almost as rare as the vocal powers of a Malibran with us ; and as for their national instrument, I can only say that it is universally *twangled*. You would be astonished, much more than amused, by the number of their *improvisatores* ; but I witnessed a most humorous contention for precedence in a serenade between

a disabled soldier and a blind mendicant; the object of their rivalry was a fair green grocer, who seemed vastly gratified at their mutual gallantry upon her account; the custom is obsolete, however, in all the better classes of society.

As a striking instance of our unpopularity, when I went to take up my billet, I was very coolly answered by the proprietor that he disliked English officers. Reluctant to enforce my right, I had my billet changed, and with no better success. With some difficulty I procured a third, where I was even more discourteously treated; but tired of forbearance, I seized a light, and marching up stairs, installed myself in one of the best chambers I could find; mine host seemed to be influenced by a secret satisfaction at the selection I had made, which I afterwards discovered to have arisen from the hope that it might have involved me in a quarrel with a drunken brute of a horse-dealer, to whom he had let the apartment; and the following will shew how far he succeeded. It was about half-past twelve o'clock this night, just as myself and a friend (whom the lateness of the hour and ignorance of the town had induced to stop with me)

were getting into bed, when a furious racketing began at the chamber door, accompanied by a variety of imprecations and demands for admittance. Determined upon keeping our quarters, we prepared matters ; and each of us seizing our swords and a lighted candle, we violently flung open the door, and thrusting the candles up into his face, roared out who he could be that dared to disturb us so unseasonably ? The horse-dealer, (for 'twas he,) staggering back under the combined influence of terror and drunkenness, missed his footing at the landing-place, and proceeded head foremost with all possible expedition to the bottom, and catching at a kind of plate-stand in his way, dragged it to the bottom amidst the crash of mine host's broken glass and china. In an instant the whole Posada was in an uproar, and its inmates flying about in their night-dresses amidst a tumult of screams and inquiries ; whilst we withdrew, in convulsions of laughter, to enjoy the catastrophe, and left the other parties to settle it as they best could.

Our horses began to arrive in a few days, but, owing to bad treatment on the voyage, presented a most miserable array of fleshless bones. We

also began to drill, and as we had numerous deserters and old soldiers in the ranks, managed to progress more rapidly than is usual ; and, from the excellent equipment and appointments of the regiment, we presented a very military appearance on parade,—but our field manœuvres were at first very amusing. I remember, upon the line being brought up to the charge in broken ground, nearly half the regiment were unhorsed, and almost all the remainder ran a kind of steeple-chase across the country.

A few imperfectly organized bodies of infantry were at St. Sebastian at this time occasionally skirmishing with the enemy ; but, in point of result, these matters seldom deserved to be put in competition with a row at a country fair, although nothing could exceed the bombastic statements given of them in the newspapers of one party, excepting the illiberal ridicule with which every matter connected with the expedition was treated by the opposite one. I certainly consider that the source of much calamity to the legion lay in injudicious and unprincipled patronage, through which most of its staff appointments were bestowed. This would have been a slight evil, comparatively

speaking, if its effects were only to be felt in the aggrandizement of the undeserving ; but when the interests, the comforts, and the lives of an army were at stake, as well as the cause in which they fought, and the reputation of the country from whence they came, surely the dominion of proper principle and common sense should not have been usurped by prejudice or partiality. As instances, look to the wide range of a too numerous but ridiculously inefficient commissariat ; beyond the mechanical proceeding of counting loaves or measuring out wine, I have reason to believe the majority were profoundly ignorant, and the very heads of that department themselves knew scarcely anything of the topography of the country or its internal resources. This may be guessed even by the most distant observer of our transactions in the circumstance of our never seeming to follow up an advantage, and every successful advance being almost immediately followed by a retrogressive movement. It was this evil that paralyzed all our energies, and left the legion almost in *statu quo* up to the present period. Another absurdity, too, was, (and in a very few months after our entrance into the

country,) that we, a mercenary force, should relinquish our pay from a spirit of patriotism towards Spain, which it would have been unnatural in us to have been animated by ; yet this was not only proposed, but virtually carried into effect, and the officers, accordingly, in a most irregular manner, then doled out field allowance, and one-third of the pay guaranteed them by the very parties who, in this manner, violated the contract. The method too of managing all these affairs was a most insulting humbug,—for, *volens volens*, you were not only obliged to submit, but you were also cajoled by impudent compliments upon the extent of the sacrifice which you had thus as it were voluntarily made,—commanding officers and other dignitaries being alone thought worthy of consultation, and no census whatever taken of the votes, nor consideration evinced for the interests of subordinate officers. I should like to know if in connexion with the mysteries of this, honest policy can be traced at all,—the desecration of the highest honours of chivalry on men who never as much as heard the whistle of a bullet to deserve them ; or was it for the excellent economy of their arrangements in coming

out, by which three times the necessary sums were lavished? These general statements are truths which cannot be controverted; and he who asserts them could make them personal as well. However, to return to my narrative. During the time that I was at Santander, I had a good opportunity of judging of the character and social habits of the people. Wrapped up in his self-importance, a Spaniard seldom takes any trouble to disguise the hatred and contempt with which the silly prejudices of his education have invested him towards foreigners; but if you succeed in removing these impressions, he is very sincere and warm-hearted in his friendship. It was my good fortune to be intimate in the house of Don Juan de Samano, and from this amiable family, contrary to my expectations, I experienced the utmost kindness and attention. In fact, if you are a friendly guest with a Spaniard, he seems to consider his house a temple dedicated to hospitality, and you are its presiding deity. Some of their social customs, too, are very refined and gratifying. If you happen to become an invalid, you are visited by all the ladies of your acquaintance regularly,—who carry you all the news and chit-

chat, and endeavour by every polite attention to beguile the progress of your illness. My amusements, whilst here, were like those of English society, rendered more agreeable by the novelty of foreign associations, and it was here I made my first ludicrous essays in the "languado of the gods." My highly wrought expectations, however, on the subject of female beauty, were wofully disappointed, having seen scarcely any of those models of female loveliness so loudly extolled by poets of all ages. Even in converse, where romances had led me to look for beauty shrined in lovely seclusion, I discovered only a set of withered dames,

"Who, having given the devil their age of glee,
Made heaven their hearts' residuary legatee."

However, according as you are enabled to become a closer observer of society, you will be often affected by some incident which a more apathetic people would look upon as dramatic and far-fetched, arising from the resistless power of the passions in this poetic land. In one of my rambles near Santander one evening, accident led me within the precincts of a farmer's garden. I did not perceive my mistake until I was in the pre-

sence of the old man and his daughter, who were sitting down in an arbour, enjoying themselves after the heat of the day, when, offering as good an apology as I was master of, it was not only kindly received, but I was also invited to partake of some refreshment. I rejoiced in the opportunity of forming the acquaintance of so beautiful a girl, and when the delicate hand of Clarissa presented me the fragrant cup of chocolate, with just such a smile as might have won a stoic to her feet, in the abandonment of that delightful hour, whilst the golden sunlight lingered on the broad leaves of the trellised vine, I felt as if I could have forgotten all the less obtrusive graces of my own fair country-women; but my inconstancy would have been to little purpose, for I ascertained, in the course of conversation with her father, that she was the betrothed of a young soldier in the Carlist army, who was to be united to her as soon as the unnatural contest which devastated their country should have terminated. He knew not at that instant, in his fond anticipations of happiness for his child, that her lover should, within a week after our meeting, have been executed as a traitor to his country. Upon

the intelligence having reached his daughter, all the faculties of her mind became prostrate ; her sorrow was that of a fond and passionate heart, too deep for the bosom that cherished it, and she expired a few days afterwards.

Although the British Legion had joined the Queen's troops for the purpose of heartily abetting her cause, there was but little co-operation and less cordiality between them and the native force, who looked upon us with distrust and jealousy, and regarded us as much in the character of an armed body to enforce the fulfilment of our financial bargains as a friendly auxiliary. There are some amusing features in the internal economy of a Spanish regiment. Fancy, for instance, a spectacle at which I was once present, viz., the mess of the *Voluntarios de Burgos*. They were drawn up in squares of between eight and twelve on the high road, under the shade of some trees near their barrack. Opposite to each squad stood a large iron pot, filled with rye-bread, garlic, beans, and hot water ; each pot was superintended by a non-commissioned officer, who, flourishing a stick with mock solemnity, vociferated, "*Cinque, sies, side,*" &c., as each man, according to his

number, armed with a huge wooden spoon, advanced, and filling it from the pot, retired to make room for his successor, and so on till the soup was devoured. Yet, these ill-paid, ill-clothed, and ill-fed men, are good soldiers. In short, I think our nation has the least military feeling of any in the world. We have in our ranks little or none of that *esprit de corps* which distinguishes foreigners. Englishmen have the formalities, but not the chivalry of soldiers among them, and our national success in arms is easily accounted for on other grounds; independent of that apathy of character which so admirably qualifies an Englishman for a mere military machine, he is sustained in battle by the consideration that should he be disabled there is an ample compensation, according to his rank, allowed him by the Government of his country, and is consequently comparatively indifferent to danger. I have seen Englishmen of a superior class to our soldiery, generally speaking, evince pusillanimity when unsupported by this consideration; but a poor Spaniard or Frenchman has glory only for his object, and only glory for his recompense, and in the enthusiasm of the feeling sacrifices everything

else. View the disparity, too, between the enlightenment of the two nations; look at those soldiers entering the wine or coffee shop: the first thing the British soldiers do is to swagger over to their intended seat, and slashing down their belts, &c., with an awful noise, shout out for punch or ardent spirits, with which they set themselves on fire, so that the slightest difference of opinion in the gross topics of their conversation produces a boxing match, which terminates in the guard-room, whither they are ultimately dragged in a state of drunken insensibility. The French soldiers will enter the room with an air of courtesy towards those around them, take their coffee or lemonade, and discuss with mutual politeness whatever occurs to them, and the evening concludes with a moonlight serenade to their *amantes*. Amongst what nation will you see such acts of individual heroism as with this amiable and civilized people? Or where is there such a noble and self-sacrificing spirit of patriotism as in Spain? Every nation, of course, have their refinements and *grossièretés*, and they are in general treacherous and vindictive. The country was, however, in a state of anarchy, and therefore the

evil passions of the worst portion of its population were amply called into play. Even the Spanish pickets that patrol the town, ostensibly to preserve order, were themselves the perpetrators of many of the atrocities which were nightly committed; and our men were not unfrequently beaten and murdered. I was a witness one night to the lawless ferocity of those ruffians. Returning home late from a masquerade in the Plaza Nuova, in company with a friend, we were attracted by an outcry and the noise of a scuffle in a part of the square which lay under the deep shadow of the surrounding buildings. Hastening to the spot, we discovered four or five Spanish soldiers stabbing at a gentleman who lay struggling in their grasp; obeying the impulse of the moment, we drew our swords, and set upon his assailants, who, scarcely offering any resistance, fled precipitately. Then turning our attention to their victim, we had him conveyed to the town guard-room, where he lived but a few moments. The regiments to which we suspected his murderers to belong were paraded naked for our inspection, but we were not able to identify them; and, from all we could learn, nothing more than the hope of some little plunder

upon his person could have tempted them to this enormity.

Harassed by the repetition of broils and dissensions, I longed for more stirring scenes than a garrison life afforded, and therefore it was with feelings of unmingled pleasure, that, whilst sipping my glass of bad sherry one evening, I received orders to take charge of the detachment and march them to Vittoria, then the head-quarters of my regiment. Soldiers' preparations for the march are soon made ; in half an hour I had my foot in the stirrup, and in less than an hour I was traversing the beautiful and romantic scenery which intervenes Santander and the valley of Lewna. Owing to the negligence of the commissary and another officer, and the urgent nature of the service with respect to time, I received orders, in answer to my remonstrance, to proceed without either money for the party or any other route than my ultimate destination. The old adage of "where there's a will there's a way," applied forcibly enough to the expedients which necessity forced upon me, and about which I felt few scruples when I considered our situation and the known disposition of the people towards us.

Before halting the detachment each day, I told off a set of proper lads to go and sell their cloaks, &c., or some other appointment, with directions carefully to note the places, and then a knowing fellow, a sergeant, who spoke the language well, went round with a patrol to recover them, giving a proper setting out to those who could have had the hardihood, as he told them, to set the laws of their country at defiance, by taking in a poor drunken soldier, and wound up the whole with a salutary threat about the *corregidor*, which had its desired effect.

The plan answered admirably, and was, of course, very agreeable to the men, who enjoyed the affair the more as they were always off to another quarter before the murder was out.

As far as Lewna the country was cultivated and eminently picturesque, but on the following day we encountered difficulties of the most trying nature:—a wild range of mountains lay before us, covered with snow two feet deep,—and we were not yet mounted. We commenced the ascent by a precipitous road, and after toiling about two leagues we reached the summit of the principal hill; here the air was piercingly cold, and

the iced incrustation upon the surface of the snow was driven by the wind into our faces with a violence that created pain. Wearied and benumbed with intense cold, some of the party shewed the failure of their physical powers by throwing themselves in the snow-drifts and refusing to proceed. I used all the means which I possessed of entreaty and command to rouse them to exertion without effect, and three of the party consequently fell victims to their situation. The fate of one of these poor fellows affected me greatly ; he was a Pole, named Leindenburg, and had served *as a captain* under Napoleon in all his glorious early campaigns ; he had also been severely wounded in the defence of his native country before his exile, and his broken down constitution was no longer able to endure the hardships to which it was exposed. Before we quitted him he called to his side a fellow-countryman, and taking from his breast the iron crown and other military decorations, where he had proudly worn them, conjured him to deliver them to his family, should he live to visit them. It was an affecting thing to see this man, who had gathered his laurels on the plains of Austerlitz and

Marengo, perishing obscurely amidst the snows of Spain, the unnoted companion of men whose military character could scarcely be ranked above that of the predatory hordes which infested the country ; but it was nothing uncommon to find in the ranks of the Legion soldiers of fortune, who had once moved in the higher walks of life, mixed and identified with the basest outcasts.

I remember upon one occasion to have seen expiring of typhus fever, on the bare flags of an over-crowded hospital, an elegant young fellow, who had, a few months before, held a commission in his Majesty's service, and was a welcome and admired guest in a fashionable sphere of society.

As we proceeded on our march, the country began to improve, and the climate became less rigorous—some of the valleys were highly cultivated ; but a great portion of our road lay through deep ravines, closed in on either hand by towering hills and precipices of rock, from whose jutting edges icicles hung in a thousand fantastic shapes, glittering undissolved in the rays of a winter sun. Beneath these were little forests of fir trees and brambles, beautifully intermixed with broken crags and variegated strata, down to the very brink of

the rapid Ebro, which rushed impetuously along, scarcely reflecting the figures of our cavalcade, or the still more picturesque group of mountaineers burning charcoal upon its opposite bank. A striking trait of the deep superstition and ignorance of the Spanish peasantry occurred upon our way to Miranda. Meeting with a peasant in sight of the town, I asked him some questions about it ; and upon my remarking that it seemed a fine town, " Oh, no wonder," said he, devoutly crossing himself ; " it was first built by the Virgin Mary in one night ! " I was so much amused by this legend, that I hazarded some profane jest about the carpenter having given her assistance upon the occasion ; upon which he strutted off with an air of offended dignity, muttering something about the English being no Christians.

Vittoria is a badly fortified town, situated in the middle of a plain, almost surrounded by hills, something similar to the ground about the Curragh of Kildare. As we entered its environs, we were struck by the sounds of martial music proceeding from the Piazza Yzabella, where the bands of the Spanish, French, and English performed simultaneously, but not concertedly, their several

national airs. There was a slight brush going on with the outlines, and the boom of a solitary cannon, and the distant rattle of small arms, filled up the pauses in the music, and gave subjects for speculation to groups of dragoons who were standing to their horses' heads; the promenades, too, were covered with streams of ladies and military men of all grades, amongst whom were conspicuous the indolent, the wily, and treacherous Cordovan, and the savage but highly talented adventurer. The atmosphere was redolent of ten thousand cigars, agitated by nearly as many fans. In the same balcony you might see a father reading the news and sipping his chocolate, whilst his daughter was telegraphing with her lover. Every now and then the man you met bore melancholy evidence of the fortune of war in the loss of a limb, or an eye, or some other disfigurement; then there were muleteers shouting to their trains, who jingled their innumerable bells at every step; and then there were guards relieving, and some few dying prisoners borne along the streets, and the shrieking of innumerable pigs that were being killed in every corner of the over-crowded garrison; and there were crowds flowing in and out

of convents and monastie chapels, and bells tolling, and monks bald and hoary, and crowds of soldiery drinking *aqua-ardente*, and drums rolling, and trumpets sounding, and parties of cavalry turning out, and a Babel of languages astonishing you,—English, Irish, Scotch, French, Spanish, German, Italian, and the deuce only knows what else; and aids-de-camp galloping about in glittering uniforms, with the feathers of a thousand ostriches fluttering around them.

Having taken up my quarters where a number of the officers of the French Legion happened to be billeted, it gave rise to a little incident, which was likely to have made a premature demand upon my valour, and in all probability have changed the exalted destiny to which I aspired. Upon awaking the next morning, I found that my servant had been just as well disposed for the enjoyment of a late supper as myself; and so, in returning through the passage whither I had gone to make inquiries for him, I met a man in a pair of faded red trousers, besmeared with mud, with beard unshaven evidently for several days, and a face and shirt vastly similar in complexion. Supposing him to be some half military hanger-on about the

posada, I handed him my cloak to brush, and, I believe, a pair of boots ; whereupon, the personage, whom I was about to have installed into this useful occupation, flew off in three strides to an adjoining chamber, and returned with his sword, exclaiming, " *Sacre Dieu de tonnerre, un officier Français pour votre domestique !*" and it was with no little difficulty that he could be appeased by the explanation of a mistake, by which his personal vanity had been so much insulted.

Nothing could have been more injudicious than the system of winter campaigning prosecuted here, and without any prospect of advantage to result from it. The hospitals became so over-crowded in consequence, with cases of fever, mortification, dysentery, and cutaneous complaints, that only a sack could be spared to every three or four bodies, and the ceremony of military funerals confined to officers ; every morning and evening the roll of the muffled drum gave melancholy tidings of the fate of some friend or companion, and the frequency of the Dead March in Saul gave rise to an insulting and barbarous parody made upon it by the natives, who, generally speaking, treated us most cordially. In fact, this is not to be wondered at, when we

reflect for a moment on their wrongs, and our adherence to the party or politics that gave rise to them.

The Biscayan provinces were formerly entitled to consideration as a separate nation, distinguished by separate language, customs, and policy; they had been accustomed, till latterly, to enjoy many of their ancient privileges, such as an exemption from import duties, from furnishing soldiers by conscription, &c., &c. With the repeal of the Salique Law came an encroachment upon all these, and, of course, the natives rose almost *en masse* to assert their rights; their cause was truly patriotic, and they were consequently enthusiastic—even the gentler sex throughout this country seemed desirous of making up for their physical inabilities for interference by a greater inveteracy in their political sentiments. Just at this juncture, Don Carlos, feeling himself equally injured, took the field, and from the sympathy between their interests, naturally became their leader. However, as it requires more casuistry than I am master of to decide upon the justness, and all the *pros* and *cons* of both parties, I will confine myself to the relation of facts, rather than go into the expression of opinions.

Some time prior to the period of which I am speaking, there was a little fighting at Bilboa and its vicinities; the important result of which was the death of Zumalacaraguy, the most talented and enterprising of all the chiefs under the command of Carlos, who, after braving a hundred dangers, and distinguishing himself by the most extraordinary and daring exploits, was shot in a paltry affair, from the window of an old mill, near the town. The Carlists infested the country everywhere about Vittoria, and parties of their cavalry used sometimes to gallop by the very gates, and fire upon the sentries. Our foraging parties were, therefore, exposed to occasional brushes with many, and it was not without a novel and gratifying emotion that I took command of my first one. However, as the country seemed pretty clear, the feeling of excitement in which I had set out subsided, and I found myself, after about five hours' riding, bother, abuse, and threats to the alcalde of a small place, called *Gunmarro Mayor*, wending my way back towards the city, in the possession of a couple of waggons loaded with straw and barley. There was a long hill which ran in two directions nearly at right

angles with each other on our way,—naturally preferring the road-upon the exterior side of it, which was more direct, we proceeded but a little way when a flank patrol, on our left front, fired his pistol and galloped in upon us. I immediately halted, formed up, and told off my party, and awaited the coming attack, which we had scarcely prepared for, when about from fifteen to twenty horsemen appeared round the hill, and dashed on in a broken and impetuous manner towards us, some of them discharging fire-arms. I had ten mounted men, exclusive of two whom I left with the waggons; and knowing that cavalry should never wait to be attacked, and being pretty confident withal, we brought our lances to the guard, and advanced steadily to the charge,—but, when a dozen yards' distance from the enemy, they wheeled about and fled precipitately in every direction. Not intending to make pursuit beyond the base of the hill, I immediately halted one half of the party, and galloped after a cluster of the enemy with the remainder; but from the fatigue which our horses had sustained in heavy ground, they beat us hollow in the race, with the exception of one unlucky wight. I had succeeded in getting

almost within reach of him, and felt, as I levelled my lance, something like the emotion with which the boyish sportsman first takes aim at his intended victim,—then making a halt, and turning his little horse quick as thought, he discharged a carabine full in my face. I absolutely thought I felt the powder strike me. My momentary surprise, and, perhaps, something like what a person might call an uncertainty as to whether I was alive or not, made me throw up my lance as my horse closed in upon him, when he instantly shouted out most lustily, *Quartel, bueno Ingles*. As we were returning to Vittoria he gathered confidence from my assurances of protection ; and when I handed him my brandy flask he amused me much by drinking to the Queen, crying out, *Viva la Reyna mills annos ; viva la constitucion*.

There was a small castle in the hands of the enemy near Vittoria, which it was thought expedient to reduce ; but although numerous and ill-directed attempts had been made to effect this, they all proved abortive. At length it was determined to make a strong effort, and accordingly the combined English, French, and Spanish forces, under the command of Cordova, took the field

about the middle of January 1836 ; and upon arriving near the enemy the engagement commenced, as these affairs usually do, by skirmishing between the advance guards and outposts. The Carlists occupied a line of heights commanding our advance on Salvatera, our principal object. The action was pretty warm upon our left, where the French and Spanish forces were posted ;—yet although we had scarcely anything to do farther than menace and advance towards the town, it served to prevent too powerful a concentration of their numbers against the attacking brigades. However, some few paid the debt of heroes, although not permitted to distinguish themselves as such ; and after considerable firing and gallant conduct upon the part of the French, the enemy withdrew, leaving us in possession of the heights.

We had taken no refreshment the whole day, and as night was closing in, the men became absolutely frantic with the combined sufferings of cold and hunger. We had calculated upon imitating the example of the French and Spanish forces, who had some hours before withdrawn to Vittoria along with their General, Cordova, who, singular to mention, had communicated no orders

whatever to General Evans on the subject. Becoming thus invested with a discretionary power, as far only as the dispositions of his force in the place they occupied were concerned, he threw out pickets and circulated the usual orders for bivouacking ;—this was, it must be recollected, in deep snow, and without the shelter of a single tent or shed. The commissaries sent up the rations late, and the devouring them constituted a sort of interlude in our misery by the gratification of one strong sense being opposed to the endurance of another. A brother officer of mine and myself, who happened to be on picket, were seated on two stones, opposite the sodden embers of a miserable charcoal fire, fruitlessly endeavouring to roast some bits of fat pork, which our appetites tempted us to devour. Just as we succeeded in making the surface of them oily, greasy, and besmatted, we had our lump of hard rye-bread, as frozen and sour as our half-pint stuff called wine. The cold storm we had succeeded in keeping off in some degree by little walls of snow, which we had erected by a fatigue party, immediately on choosing our ground, whilst the men huddled themselves in shivering

groups, along with their horses, endeavouring, by the mutual heat of their bodies, to keep themselves alive until the approach of the morning duties would give circulation to their stagnated blood. This lasted for two days and nearly three nights, when General Evans, having made a reconnoissance, discovered very formidable preparations on the part of the Carlists for cutting off our retreat. Our conduct was an inexplicable riddle to the enemy; and the very surprise which our retreat occasioned, was the means of our preservation up to that period. It were but justice to General Evans to say, that he effected our retreat in a most masterly manner; and to his ability upon the occasion has been universally attributed, even by the enemy, the salvation of the Legion upon that occasion. The treacherous, or at least extraordinary and unjustifiable conduct of Cordova was made the subject of a remonstrance to the Government, but, I believe, without any result. In fact, the conduct of Cordova was always as suspicious through his whole career as the policy of the Government towards him; and, early in the campaign, he rendered himself detestable by an

act of uncommon barbarity. Some five or six soldiers of a battalion of Chapel Ghurries had committed a robbery on a priest, whose whole fraternity were the acknowledged supporters of the Carlist cause. Not being able to discover the precise offenders, he marched the battalion outside of the city, made them pile arms, and then closing in the remainder of the garrison upon them with fixed bayonets, he decimated them, and led out the men thus selected to immediate execution, of whom, necessarily, the greater portion were wholly innocent. Such was the feeling of indignation which this atrocity occasioned, that about three hundred Chapel Ghurries went over to the enemy ; and yet this man was continued in his office until, by repeated acts of treachery, under the mask of indolence, the whole nation were incited to cry out against him, and the soldiery would no longer serve under his command.

The Carnival, the great Festa, preceding Lent, which is celebrated with so much *éclat* in all Roman Catholic countries, took place during my sojourn at Vittoria. But in this, as in many other of my notions of Spain, as the land of old romance and stately grandeur, I was disappointed.

It is true the churches were tastefully decorated, and with imposing effect, and the choirs sent forth their full peal of indifferent music ; but the streets were filled with a set of low buffoons, who, by their coarse practical jokes, made the most spiritless and vapid attempts at humour. In fact, nothing can be more dissonant with the temper and habits of the grave Spaniard than an attempt at mirth or frivolity. The masquerade ball pleased me more,—the theatre in which it was held amply accommodated its visitors, the stage and pit being thrown into one, and those who did not wish to participate more actively in the amusement occupied the boxes. Dancing was pursued with great avidity. It is in this exciting exercise alone that Spaniards seem to shake off their habitual apathy ; but although they are indefatigable and elaborate in their movements, all except their national Fandango seem destitute of that sentiment which creates grace or inspires pleasure. The arrangements in their refection room are much more judicious than ours,—a number of small tables being separately laid out, which prevents the indiscriminate scramble which so often disgraces our public

entertainments, and causes a picturesque and social effect. Their confectionary, too, is excellent and delicately varied, and their coffee excellent. But their native wines are generally execrable.

About this time I was suffering severely from the effects of a rheumatic fever, and being denied by my doctor the hope of serving with the troops for the remainder of the season, I determined upon returning home to re-establish my health, and, accordingly, having accidentally met with a young officer who was about to do the same, we agreed on becoming *compagnons du voyage*.

The morning was remarkably fine when we set out from Vittoria, and feeling tempted by the sharpness of the air to take a little exercise, we walked after the *galliera*, or waggon, which carried our luggage. The road we were travelling lay towards Armenion, and was sometimes crossed, we had heard, by the enemy's scouts; however, as a good breakfast and lively conversation had their effect, we were thinking rather of the anticipated pleasures of home than of guarding against the dangers by which we were surrounded. Our attention, however, was quickly awakened to a full

sense of them by the appearance of a small body of Carlist cavalry emerging from a wood in front of us, and forming up upon the very road we traversed. We were at this time a few yards in rear of the *gallicra*, and consequently could easily remain unseen should our unpleasant visitors have taken it into their heads to trot off in any but a contrary direction ; but as that was improbable, the idea, of course, immediately occurred to us of concealment in the waggon, but how to get into it without being seen was a riddle we could by no means solve. At length "consideration like an angel came," and having a large knife in my pocket, I slit the matting at the back of the waggon, and after much labour and mutual assistance, we ensconced ourselves just in time beneath the *ropas* and some straw. In a few minutes I could plainly hear the voices of the party, and presently saw through the interstices of the matting the very breath of their horses steaming through the frosty atmosphere. Villiers, my companion, lay with his side across my leg, and as the Carlist chief placed his hand upon the shaft, and turned over from his saddle to look into the waggon, I felt his (Villiers') heart beat so forcibly

against me, that I absolutely dreaded it would betray us, whilst the perspiration crowded fast upon my own brow, and horrible visions of death and torture, in their most appalling shapes, thronged upon my fancy and my recollection, as I anticipated all the barbarities they practise upon their prisoners. The dreadful moment passed, however, and the Carlist, turning his horse away, gave orders to his party to mount, and proceeded across the country. Oh ! with what a feeling of thankful humiliation we made merry over a wretched dinner in Armenion. This was my last adventure worthy of record upon that campaign, and having arrived in safety at Mutanda, I took my passage to England, prepared to realize the proverb that a "man can never," until he has travelled, "appreciate the comforts of his native land."

Reader, I am going to make a small demand upon your imagination, and ask of you, for the sake of coherency, to fancy all the events which

happened from the period of my leaving Spain to that of my return. Well then, first, you must know that the theatre of war being removed in a great degree from Vittoria to San Sebastian, in consequence of that city being strongly beleaguered, thither were the Legion concentrated, and a considerable body of the Queen's native troops. The bloody and eventful sortie of the 5th of May gave them a little more liberty, and enabled them to throw out lines about a mile from the town, and a subsequent affair, contested in a less sanguinary manner, gave the Queen's troops the command of the heights and road at the other side of the river Urenea, as far as Passages, when Lord John Hay amused the people by the nautical vagaries of constructing a battery in the shape of a ship of war, and just about as capable of being of any service to us in the positions which were occupied by the outlines. But, I suppose, he thought it would enable the English Government to have the command of Passages, half of which town is in the French territory, and is the only watering place for a considerable extent of coast. A furious expostulation ensued upon the affair on the part of the French, who sent a frigate of war imme-

diately into the harbour, but some of their engineers having examined the place, were so convinced of its harmlessness that the matter immediately died away.

A range of hills, known by the names of Ametzagania Venta, and in the distance Hernani, were occupied by the Carlists. Upon our side we had thrown up batteries, namely, the Queen's Battery and the Rodil, which commanded the Ametza and the valleys lying in front and to the right of it; several other minor ones were also constructed, and the lines between them strengthened by breastworks. The sentries of our pickets, and those of the enemy used to be within speaking distance of each other, and the howls and wild ringing laughter of the Carlists would make you imagine a forest full of jackals rather than human beings were before you. The houses in which the outlying regiments and pickets were quartered were old farm-houses, whose flooring and doors were three-parts torn away for fuel, and whose roofs and sides were penetrated by countless holes. Such was the kind of quarters enjoyed by my colonel (Boyd) upon presenting myself to him on the day of my joining his regiment, (the

Rifles,) then on outpost duty. He was a plain straightforward soldier, a strict disciplinarian, and, I think, one of the most physically brave men I ever met with. I dined with him, and was enjoying myself very much to my satisfaction, in the society of a couple of brother officers, when, upon taking the orderly-book from the sergeant, I found my own name in the duty-detail for picket that night. I buckled on my sword and brandy flask, and throwing my cloak around me, proceeded in due time with the picket to our position, having reconnoitred and made myself acquainted with all desirable matters. We (*i.e.*, my brother officer and myself) set to work to render our habitation for the night as endurable as possible, had the floor swept, a fire lighted, some of the air-holes stopped up, and finally began relating our mutual adventures. I do not think there can be any companionship more calculated to give rise to friendship than this, where one's interests are involved in the same issue, where you encounter the same dangers and hardships, where you are frequently dependent on each other's mutual good offices, and where your lives are so frequently preserved by one another's fortitude. We visited

the sentries alternately every hour, and had always some fresh remarks or incidents to relate upon our return, which beguiled the progress of the night. It was now about four o'clock when I proceeded upon this duty, and being aware that patrols frequently make some preconcerted signals to put their companions upon the alert, I halted the patrol at a little distance, and crept softly up towards the post of a sentry in immediate contiguity with a Carlist picket. The man's figure was so blended with the shadows of the trees and bank that I could not distinguish him until I had almost reached him. He was leaning forward with his head upon the bank, dead asleep, although the very tread of the Carlist sentry, and their conversation and laughter in the picket-house, were audible. In the impulse of the moment I drew my sword back and struck him a violent blow with the flat of it across the shoulders, and then seizing hold of him, called him to account for his conduct; he denied having been asleep, and pleaded the effects of a severe cold for not having heard me approach. Perceiving a stir amongst the Carlist picket, perhaps in consequence of having heard me, I ordered him immediately to

the rear to bring up the patrol, and took his post in the interior myself. Just at this instant a wild and solemn strain of music rose plaintively upon my ear,—it was the Carlist band playing on their shrill brass instruments, the psalms with which they accompany their *reveille*, whilst the beating of a kind of gong gave an uncommonly savage effect to it; this all occurring whilst standing under such circumstances upon a spot which had been the grave of many, and might become my own before another hour, seemed like an unearthly chorus from the spirits of the slain. I leaned down a little upon the bank, and insensibly all was forgotten around me in the feelings which were awakened by past scenes and early recollections; the melancholy of the music, and the romance of the scene before me, were irresistible, and I know not how long I might have been disposed to indulge these reveries, had I not been roused by a sharp whizzing sound through the air, immediately above my head, and, as I looked up, a shower of decayed leaves fell on my face, followed by the quick bang of a rifle, whilst from the base of the hill upon my right a thin eddy of white smoke slowly curled up in the moonlight,

like incense offered to an evil spirit. The shot came from the sentry I had lately spoken to, who had immediately taken an opportunity of deserting.

As soon as the regiment was relieved of outpost duty, we fell back upon the identical position formerly occupied by Wellington, and that part of his army from whence the bombardment and storming of San Sebastian had been directed; every day that I strolled upon the sands I discovered some memento of that bygone scene of carnage, and the decayed and whitened bones of some of my ill-fated countrymen.

I frequently took a deep interest in contemplating the house where Lord Wellington had stopped during the siege. It was an incommodious old-fashioned concern enough, with a variety of armorial bearings over the entrance, and was occupied by a humble peasant and his family.

A favourite amusement of mine used to be shooting through the wild and picturesque scenery with which the mountains along the coast abound; then there was a good deal of racing upon the sands, and occasional skirmishes with the enemy,

especially when out with parties covering the men employed upon our works, to say nothing of the eternal *tertulias* (balls) given by the inhabitants. I had the fortune to be in great request at these, from the circumstance of my having cultivated the acquaintance of an abbess, whose convent was near my quarters, and who gave me several introductions to her visitors, so that I heard, without any sympathy, the perpetual complaints of my less fortunate friends about the monotony of their lives.

As to military operations, we were in *statu quo* for several months, from the want of a force sufficient to maintain more extended or precarious positions should we have penetrated further into the country; besides that, no one could avoid the reflection, that in the very country fastnesses, whither we should have driven the Carlists, the Spanish *guerillas* had, upon a former occasion, bid defiance to 50,000 of the finest army in the world, and under the ablest General. In order to effect anything, therefore, it was apparent that a strong reinforcement should be sent us; and to this effect a miserable force of 800 British marines was sent us by the English Government, an

act by which any previous little shew of neutrality was completely compromised, with scarcely any benefit to the cause they had pretended to espouse. However, there is always a visible connexion between measures and men and the men and the measures. I verily believe the golden age of British legislature is passed, for who would expect anything but what was futile or imprudent from the set who desecrate the House continually with their undignified personal wrangles, like a mob of irritated schoolboys ?

I was returning to my quarters one night from a party in town, when I overtook a friend of mine in a sad dilemma with his horse, which he could not prevail on, by either violence or encouragement, to advance a single step ; whilst the animal, with distended nostrils and reeking with perspiration, stood trembling. "Ha, Worthington !" he exclaimed, "I am glad you've come," (whilst the tremor of his voice, and his perturbed manner, would have led a person to believe that he was secretly influenced by similar emotions to those of his horse.) "I am tired to death with this animal ; perhaps you can succeed in getting her on for me, or otherwise, faith, I'll have to turn back

to town, and put up there for the night." The night was uncommonly clear, and I looked about for the probable cause of the affright without any effect; so—tying my handkerchief over her eyes, I led her back, patted, and circled her a little, and then leading her forward, she proceeded quietly upon her way. "I wonder what the deuce was the matter with Backhouse and his mare to-night?" said M'Lean to me, (a brother officer in the company to which I belonged,) as we turned into our quarters. "Have they seen a ghost? for I am sure that the one was as much frightened as the other?" "Really, I don't know," said I, "but I think there was something infectious about it; for I began to feel almost as if I were in the sphere of supernatural agency myself before I had done with it;" and so we let the subject keep us in conversation over a tumbler of aqua-diente punch, and told all the old women's stories about second sights and fetches that we had ever heard of. We had an old door made upon an inclined plane, with two or three bricks at the head of it, for a bed; so our preparations for repose were speedily made, by unbuttoning our clothes

to free us from constraint, and wrapping our cloaks closely around us ; a few minutes after the above conversation we were sound asleep.

The first thing of which I became conscious, was the confused distant noise which had awakened me. Starting up and running out into the balcony which overlooked both to and from our positions, the sudden flare of bugles burst upon my ear, sounding the brief but imposing notes of the alarum, intermixed with the sharp rattling of musketry from the pickets, and one or two discharges of cannon. At this instant an aid-de-camp came galloping furiously along the road, and cried out to me in reply as he was passing, "Our lines are attacked in force."—"Down with haversacks and coats, my lads," said I, as the men were turning out with them upon their shoulders, "we'll have warm work of it to-day, I know ; if we are beaten 'twill not be of much consequence what becomes of them, and if not, we'll find them here. Fall in, &c., &c., sections left shoulders forward, and away with us to the point of concentration ;" and in ten minutes the regiment was moving at a quick pace to the scene of action. As we

passed through an orchard in our way, there was a fearful crashing amidst the boughs as some cannon shot whirled through them, and the bodies of expiring and wounded men were quickly borne past us, all gory and mutilated. Oh ! the horrible, glazing looks of those agonized beings, and the shuddering thought that another minute, and in all human probability we should share the same ourselves ! Then in this brief and fearful interlude came the recollection of home, its peaceful delights, and the happy, smiling, unconscious faces that were there ; and then the impulse to a silent prayer and a secret adieu. "Halt," shouted the Colonel,—“the column will close to its front,” as from our already exposed situation some few began to fall in the ranks ; and accordingly, we formed under cover of a native battery at an old farm-house to await orders. A few lifeless bodies about us, with round white caps on, shewed us that the enemy had already unsuccessfully penetrated our lines.

Just then up rode General Evans and the greater portion of his personal staff. “Ho, —— ! glad to see you, two companies for skirmishing immediately to mask a change of position of

the first brigade." With a throb of high and anxious hope I moved with my company and the leading one of the column mentioned, and as we led out—"Now, rifles," cried the General, "remember the fifth of May,"—trail arms, double was the cry, and with a hearty cheer we extended in front of the enemy. "Mr. M'Lean is wounded, sir," cried out some soldiers near me, and turning round, I saw him already bearing off the field. "Now, Smith," cried I to the bugler, "wherever I go do you stick close to me"—for the firing was deafening beyond description; about forty pieces of cannon and five-and-twenty thousand small arms being in full play. The air grew absolutely hot, and all was a confusion of whirling and whizzing, and shrieking from heavy shot, shells, and bullets. Seeing that we should probably maintain a position we had taken for some little time, I sounded the company's call and the lie down along the brow of a slope; and here every man, who had not a better one, used his cap before him for a rest for his rifle, and we gave it them beautifully; whilst the weeds and brambles kept snapping off into our faces, from the invisible agency of the

bullets that whistled amongst us, and occasionally a low, guttural sound, and the tumbling over of some body, announced that some of those missiles were finding their proper billets. "The 1st are giving way, sir," says Smith, as I plainly saw Colonel Kirby, several yards in their front, unsuccessfully endeavouring to rally them, and presently he fell back with his right arm shattered to pieces. "Damn their souls!" said the old Scotchman, "there they gaw (go), sir! and we're done for, sir;" for we were in advance upon their flank, and the Carlists pouring like a deluge between us. "Never mind, old boy," said I, "the lancers are in rear where they're making for, and they'll catch 'toko for yam presently; sound the close,"—and our party being increased by some fugitives, I made a dash for a house a little to my right, it being too late for a retrograde movement. In a few minutes the lancers deployed from cover, and sure enough made a brilliant charge upon the Carlists; they received them with a desultory fire, and turning tail swept by our little fortress, as crowded and irregular as the waves of the sea, and we raked them properly from the house as they passed us. As

some of the lancers, able to cross a ditch, came up, we sallied out in pursuit, but the cavalry being driven back now by a dreadful fire, a large body came down upon us—no doubt with the intention of driving us into the house again, and making us prisoners. But I saw it was very possible to get in upon the brigade, and accordingly as it was now our turn to run, having nothing about us cumbersome, we did it well. “Are you hit, Nash?” said I, to a fine young man, a corporal in my company, as he fell. “Yes, sir, in the hip.” “Here,” cried I, to an able chap near me, “give me a hand here with Nash, till we throw him on the other side of that hedge.” We tried to do so, but the bloodhounds were a-top of us, so near as fifteen or twenty yards, and no quarter ever given. We had to drop him and spring through the hedge; the man who had assisted me with Nash sprung safely through, and then fell dead upon his back, shot through the head by some of the random fire that was raining upon us. But I was unfortunately caught in the hedge with the slings of my sword, and in a momentary glance back at my pursuers, saw poor Nash with a dozen

bayonets through his body. With a strong exertion, for I was completely suspended by it, I unclasped my belt, and fell upon my face into a ditch, about three feet deep of mud and water; half stupified I gained the bank, and the sharp twinge of a bullet grazing my knee, and my brandy flask flying in splints from my side, roused me again. I ran up the bank between two fires, and jumped down amongst a lot of artillerymen. Here, almost the first objects that attracted my attention were two or three young fellows examining the body of Captain Backhouse, who had been shot dead through the back of the neck. I could not forbear thinking of the ghost, as my friend called it, or his (Backhouse's) presentiment—if to such the agitation of his demeanour on the preceding evening was to be attributed. I saw General Evans several times during the day, and can bear testimony to the coolness and self-possession which always distinguished him. He had a portion of his ear shot away. The artillery committed dreadful havoc amongst the enemy, particularly the shells, but the congreve-rockets were not found to be very effective. The action lasted

the whole day, nor had the firing completely ceased till it was dark. The enemy's loss was by their own account computed at sixteen hundred men, and ours at about four hundred. A tremendous shower of rain came upon us as we left the field, and after a couple of hours' toiling through swampy fields, and over hedges and muddy roads, we reached our quarters for the night at a strong old house, nearly on the left extremity of our lines, close to, and in front of Passages, where, after putting it in a state of defence by barricading and knocking out loop-holes, we lay down on some straw, and, after a supper, or more properly speaking, a breakfast of dry brown bread, and a glass of aqua-diente, forgot our toils and dangers in a deep and refreshing sleep. We mustered about seven officers with the detachment in this house, and the next morning at breakfast nothing could exceed the pleasant jokes we had upon each other's appearance and adventures. But who can calmly contemplate with an unfeeling heart the miseries of war? Everywhere around us were houseless misery and destitution—families of respectability robbed of their property, and driven to the last

resources of misery—even women, too, who under any other circumstances would have excited a far different sympathy, perishing in the extremest hardships under every shed or house where they could thrust themselves for shelter, and their once peaceful and happy home stood half consumed and burned piles, and the once luxuriant smiling gardens trodden down and defaced, even converted into burying-grounds alike for the invader and the patriot !

[The expiry of the Major's furlough compelled him to return to India after the short service with the British Legion in Spain. There is a wide *hiatus* in his journals and memoranda until we reach the year 1838.]

CHAPTER IX.

INDIA AGAIN—THE EXPEDITION TO AFGHANISTAN—THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN RUNJEET SING AND LORD AUCKLAND.

1838—and still only a Major! Five-and-thirty years have I seen service, and while * * * and * * * have been Major-Generals for the past five years, I, through the chances of a *seniority system*, (bless the mark!) have not yet obtained the command of a regiment. Well, I make no complaints,—and here I am again in India awaiting the chances of employment. The world has been stupidly tranquil in these parts since Bhurtpore fell. Lord William Bentinck had a dozen opportunities of going to war with native states, and upon the frontier. If he had chosen to distinguish himself and his government by territorial acquisition, he might “have interfered” with prodigious advantage to the army. But no—he wouldn’t spend money—he was for ever maintaining the doctrine of “non-intervention.” Oude, and Gwalior, and other states, gave him

the opportunity of adding to our empire, (and our debt,) but, true to his financial projects, and his internal measures of reform, he kept the sword sheathed. We have now Lord Auckland at the head of affairs,—another quiet-going, peace-loving Governor, submitting to a little gynocracy, establishing colleges, and doing the hospitable at Calcutta and Simlah.

* * * * *

Ha ! there is a sough and a surmise. The wind blows from the north-west. Burnes, the Bombay Lieutenant, whom Lord William Bentinck sent to Affghanistan to arrange for the establishment of commerce on the Indus, sends word that a storm is brewing in those parts. He has fallen in with Russian agents. There is a Vickovich and a Simonich at work, to establish Russian domination upon our frontier—and *apropos*, the Persians have laid siege to Herat, the key to India ! Are we going to stand all this ? Is “non-intervention” to be the order of the day, until the Czar’s cohorts imitate Alexander’s Macedonians, and walk down to the very edge of the Hyphanis ? The very gorge rises at the thought. Lord Auckland has a difficult card to play just

now. Let us see if the whole of these sinister rumours are to be settled by a few "representations." The old "Lion of the North," Runjeet Sing, has proved a faithful ally hitherto, and does not hate the Affghans the less that Dost Mahomed Khan, the Cabul ruler, has tried his hand ere now upon Attock and Peshawur. But when a Russo-Persian army knocks at the gates in the Khyber range, will he open the portals to receive them, and give them "*sauf-conduit*" to the verge of the British empire; or will he do battle with his 100,000 troops under his French and Italian Generals? *Nous verrons.*

* * * *

5th August.—Hurrah! Russia throws down the gauntlet—England takes it up! This morning comes a missive from the Adjutant-General, dated Simlah, 3d August, desiring the Lieutenant-Colonel to prepare "the regiment for active service in the field." As * * * is one of the seniors in the army, he must have a brigade, and I shall therefore command the corps in the presence of the enemy. My early dreams on the point of realization! Pray heaven we have a foeman worthy of our steel! The Com-

mander-in-Chief (Sir Henry Fane) desires that "the women and families, and all *encumbrances* which are connected with regiments during peace, may be disposed of in the best way circumstances permit." Poor Harrison!—only married a month—how shall I break this to him? Imagine Fanny's look when the passage in the order is read aloud to her; she, the doting, enthusiastic, passionate, devoted. *Dieu soit louè*, I am a bachelor—no one ever had me, though I was three times on the point of being hooked. There was Laura Pearson,—she all but asked me;—the belle of Belcombedale, I bestowed upon her much of my time and attention during my first furlough—for in that sequestered village I had no other pastime. The frivolous compliments and petty *niaiseries* of daily intercourse during summer, walks in long lanes, and carpet quærlilles in the evening—things which a London girl would have looked upon as mere matters of course—were accepted by Laura as *bonâ fide* assurances of regard; so one day, while rambling over some hills, she turned towards me, and blushing up to her pretty eyes, said, "Do you mean all you say?" Here was a poser. All the difficulties of my position at once

presented themselves. Had I replied that it was all a joke, I should have been set down as a flirt, and discarded by the whole of Belcombedale accordingly—to say nothing of the reproaches of my own conscience, or my own heart, and to say the truth, I was really not quite certain about the state of the latter. Therefore, to the question, “Do you mean all you say?” I gallantly answered, “Can you doubt it?” “Then,” said she, with amiable simplicity, “we must ask papa!” Somehow or other, the announcement of that very simple preliminary had a chilling effect. The poetry of love seemed to evaporate before the materialism of paternal consent. Images of parchment, settlements, bridecake, *trousseaux*, and all the absurdly expensive paraphernalia of the civil contract rose up before me, and I almost wished I had said,—“Pish, Laura, you don’t suppose I am in earnest!” However, the mischief was done. Happily “papa” would not consent that his daughter should go to India, and I had no home for her elsewhere—thus the whole affair was broken off. Happy Laura—or happy Worthington—which? Then there was Maria —; but why torture the reader with these egotisms? Let me arrange my camp

equipage for the campaign, and go and purchase another horse.

10th August.—Everybody in cantonment is in a fever of delight, excepting the owners of houses and of wives. We are ordered to march to Kurnaul as soon as the rains close. Nothing but toasts and songs every evening at mess. George Harvey of the Civil Service has written a capital thing—the “Song of the Subadar.” It is a long lay, Macaulay fashion, full of fire. The old Subadar had served under Lake, and he tells the story of his campaigns—my campaigns also! at Delhi, Deeg, and Allighur. The last two verses come home to every one in camp:—

“But now, my men, the battle cloud again o’erhangs our head,
They say with murkier gloom than erst it wrapped the valiant
dead;

From Ava and Nepaul they come—Affghan and rugged *Russ*,—
All, all unite to swell the battle torrent’s impetus.

“Well—*let them come!* stout hearts, and thoughts of by-gone
fields, my men,

The valour of our Sepoy sires lives in us o’er again,
The British banner, in our keep, has never met with stain,
And as we stood by stout OLD LAKE, hurrah! we’ll stand by
FANE.”

* * * * *

I am not quite sure that they are coming from Ava and Nepaul, but no doubt the frontier must be watched in our absence across the Sutledge.

September 16.—The order is out—the regiments are named, and the Staff appointed. What an army it will be ! Five brigades of infantry, one of artillery, and one of cavalry—several brigades also from Bombay, and a contingent for the especial service of Shah Soojah, to which sixteen officers under Colonel Hamilton are already appointed—that is to say, they are to raise and discipline the contingent.

The purposes and destination of the force are now obvious. Shah Soojah, the rightful sovereign of Cabul, for some time a refugee in our territories, is to be restored through the agency of our arms, and we must remain in his territory for the double purpose of keeping him in his place and the Russ at bay. Such, at least, is the general conjecture ; but the Government does not condescend to speak out to us. We soldiers have nothing to do with the objects of a campaign. “ Boot and saddle ! ”—“ Stand to your arms ! ”—that is all that is vouchsafed to the instruments of great political designs ;—a safe course, perhaps, in these days, when men are apt to canvass the policy and honesty of their rulers. Let us console ourselves for being kept in the dark by Sir Lucius O'Trigger's speech

to Bob Acres,—“Do you think that Julius Cæsar, or my little Alexander the Great, ever troubled themselves about the justice of a quarrel? No; they boldly drew their swords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the reason of it.”

October 15, 1838.—This day we marched out of our cantonments at Agra, and as we left, the dawk came in with the newspapers, containing the Government declarations. Just as I supposed: Worthington, you are a prophet! Not a word about *Russia* in this manifesto, but a great deal of *Persia*, as if the poor effete, decrepit remnant of Mahomedan government could do anything without the aid of Russian gold, arms, and military science. But words are given to rulers to conceal their thoughts. We may read “Russia” whenever “Persia” is mentioned; and in the phrase, “unjustifiable and cruel aggression,” in reference to the siege of Herat, find our motives for an expedition to Central Asia.

October 31.—This day reached Kurnaul. We are in the division of Sir Willoughby Cotton—a good soldier, who fought in the Peninsula and at Burmah, and a perfect gentleman. He was aide-camp to George IV., and had something

of that prince's society. Our Colonel has taken the command of the brigade, and I am in orders to command the regiment. The boys have invited me to an inaugural dinner. The kind-hearted dogs ! We have "lived and loved together," and who knows but we are now to die "together ?"

November 1.—The camp !—what a scene !—"The general camp, pioneers, and all." Such drummings, and trumpetings, and buglings ; such marchings and counter-marchings ; such roaring, and shouting, and neighing, and hallooing, and shouting, and hullabalooing !—Why, a regular Calcutta Pelham looking upon this would burst the lower buttons of his waistcoat, to say nothing of the buckle, with the heaving, and swelling, and expansion of his heart, even though it were made of toast and butter, and not much bigger than a hen partridge's. * India has not seen so much of the pomp and circumstance of war at one view for many a long day ; and without meaning to say that many hundreds of the thousands of gallant fellows now encamped will not come back the prouder and the richer for their triumphs, it is not too much to predict, that India will not behold such a scene again for many *more* long days to come.

There they are ! “ all furnished—all in arms ;” abandoning home, kindred, comfort ; rending asunder the dearest ties ; daring scarcely to cherish a hope of an early restoration to all that makes life tolerable. Externally, there is much of bustle and animation ; and every soldier, from the General to the Sepoy, appears to be under no other influence than “ honour’s thought,” and the hope of being useful to his country. *Here* is an infantry regiment in admirable trim, presenting itself under arms to the gladdened eye of its proud commander ; *there* “ the boys” of a European corps, jumping about and skylarking, while the tents, which have just come up, are being pitched,—a duty in which (if a favourite officer’s comfort is concerned) they are but too happy to lend a hand. *Here* again is a squadron of cavalry caracolliing and curvetting during the process of a carbine exercise ; *there* long strings of camels, disburdened of their packs, slowly wending their way to forage or to grazing ground. Now may be seen a trooper moving across the plain, bearing a “ special service” despatch from a General of division ; and anon an evil-disposed bullock or refractory tattoo seeking the quickest

way "*boc agen*" to his native village and familiar haunts. On every hand we behold camels recumbent and ruminating, or resisting with a rattling grunt the process of unloading ; bullocks huddled together, indifferent whether their future destiny consigns them to a butcher's knife, or leaves them to die under the combined annoyances of heavy fardels and scanty food ; horses picketed in the rear of their owner's tents, apparently content to rough it with the meanest ; dogs—the pet terrier, the mastiff, and the greyhound, glad to subsist on the crumbs of the camp-table, or (more probably) fattening under the generous care of a master, who surrenders a good part of his own allowance that Tray, poor Tray, (*por-trait charmant*, as Hood would say,) may get a bellyful ; Sepoys sleeping, singing, sentinelling ; stands of arms ; bright cooking pots ; bazaars and bazaar flags ; camel trunks and charpoys ; doolies and dhoorias ; chests of wine, canteens, and cases ; poles, pegs, and pettarahs ; kettles, kaljivas, and khetmudghars ;—all this *mélange*, variegated by a thousand tents, pauls, and rowties—the sun gilding the eastern horizon, and five military bands playing different descriptions of military symphonies at one and the same time,

while aspiring rataplans and new-fledged buglers treat you to an accompaniment of "*Le petit tambour*," and "*O'er the hills and far away*," enables one to form a tolerable notion of the *exterior* of a camp. But look *within* the tents, and by how different a spectacle you are at once moved ! The light-hearted Sub, who has recently joined, enters into the spirit of the campaign, and, elated with the novelty of his position and the hope of achieving deeds of high emprise, revels in the light jest, the lighter meal, and the light(ed) cigar. But the old campaigner gravely meditates upon the well-known difficulties before him, anticipating but little glory and slight promotion ; and if he be a father of a family, or a loved and loving husband, his gloomy forebodings are accompanied by a settled melancholy, which nothing but *actual* service can fairly dissipate. Of this latter class of officers—thus suffering—the Army of the Indus is chiefly composed. Of late years, officers have found that retirement from the service, after a reasonable period, and with a competency, is a thing not even to be talked of as within the compass of probability. They have therefore balanced between the enjoyments of the married

state, (with all its drawbacks,) and the discomfort of a prolonged bachelor existence ; and they have decided, in a great majority of instances, in favour of the former. Hence the order for the present campaign has been the signal for numerous, sudden, and painful separations, and though a manly effort is made to subdue the emotions which agitate the breast, when a word, or the sight of some token of affection or object of family interest, recalls past hours of delight, it is impossible for even an inattentive spectator not to see how much there is within “ which passeth show.” It may be that the father will again meet his child—it may be that the fond husband will again clasp the woman of his affection to his throbbing bosom, and tell her of “ the dangers he has past ;” but in the indulgence of *new* grief Hope rarely interferes, and the agony is consequently unmitigated.

* * * * *

Kurnaul, 8th November.—Not many days ago I wrote of the gloom that pervaded the camp, arising from recent separations, fearful forebodings, &c. However true the picture might have been at that time, a few days have sufficed entirely

to alter the complexion of affairs. For the last week the camp has gradually assumed the most cheerful aspect. The bustle of preparation, the continual brigade parades, the incessant interchange of visits, have caused the tenderest and the deepest afflicted of husbands and parents to doff their cares aside, and look only to the business of the future. At the mess-tables, which are crowded with officers and their occasional guests, the conversation is animated almost to boisterous mirth. The challenge to drink is often accompanied by a challenge to be foremost in the fray, and bets (small in amount but heavy in their temerity) are laid upon the issue of every anticipated struggle. Such a thing as a murmur of any kind is never heard by the smallest chance. Sir Henry Fane, though wanting in those warm expressions of reliance on his troops, which are so grateful to the feelings of true soldiers, is, nevertheless, treated with enthusiasm and spoken of with unfeigned respect. His military reputation, known gallantry, and unquestionable judgment, are permitted to set off, in a very great degree, his stern severity and unpalatable *brusquerie*. The same good feeling, but in an unmitigated form, is

extended to Sir Willoughby Cotton and General Duncan, who, in their turn, manifest a fraternal interest in the welfare of all under and about them. In a word, it is utterly impossible that a large body of troops could take the field with more patriotic fervour or a more thorough dependence upon the invincible character of an army whose members are connected by the bonds of brotherhood. Three-fourths of the whole have not the remotest conception of the cause in which they are engaged, or of the capacity of the enemy against whom they are marching. But they care not—they believe that “foemen worthy of their steel” are advancing, and their sole thought is how to repel such approaches and aggressions with honour and success. Each seems to say in the language of the fiery Hotspur,—

“Let them come;
 They come like sacrifices in their train,
 And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
 All hot and bleeding will we offer them.—
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood.”

* * * * *

November 9.—This morning the camp broke up, and that vast plot of ground, which only two

days ago was instinct with life and animation, sending forth the hum of a hundred thousand human beings, is now a dreary plain, scarcely diversified by broken kedgeriee pots, big holes, broken bottles, and deserted looking places. The *gleaners* are already at work, but it is doubtful if a single tent-peg will have been left behind to reward their researches.

Ferozepore, November 29.—The interview between Lord Auckland and the Maharajah, those “two suns of glory,” came off this morning, realizing in its pomp and glittering variety all the anticipations of the uninitiated. At daybreak, the guard of honour, consisting of a squadron of her Majesty’s 16th Lancers, a squadron of the 4th Light Cavalry, the Camel Battery, a troop of Horse Artillery, her Majesty’s 3d Buffs, the 43d, 31st, 2d, and 42d Regiments Native Infantry, the Body Guard, and the flank companies of the European regiments, got under arms, and proceeded to form a street, leading to the durbar tents of the Governor-General, which were enclosed in an extensive area formed of *kunauts*. Soon afterwards, Major Wade, Sir Willoughby Cotton,

Brigadier Arnold, and others, proceeded (accompanied by a detachment of the 4th Cavalry and a number of officers) to the encampment of Runjeet Sing, across the river,* to escort his Highness to the Governor-General's camp. And now were seen numerous cavaliers and gentlemen, hurrying, some on elephants, some on horseback, some on camels, to rendezvous at the durbar tent, and witness the imposing ceremony of the visit; and it is no exaggeration to say, that this congregation of the gay and gallant was, in itself, a sight worth travelling a great distance to behold. There were some two or three hundred officers of different regiments off duty, and these, with a great number of staff and general officers, many of whom bore orders of the Bath, of Hanover, of the Lion, and the Sun, and of the *Bright Star of the East*, presented a picture of military splendour rarely exhibited in India. About half-past eight o'clock Lord Auckland came into the area, and was received by the flank companies of the European regiment, who did duty at the tents with presented arms.

* The Maharajah was there encamped with some 20,000 followers, regular and irregular.

About half-past nine the distant clangour of a band of indescribable musicians announced the approach of the Maharajah. Now was "mounting in hot haste;" down went the assembled elephants to receive the Governor-General, Sir H. Fane, and their *cortège*; off went horsemen and chobdars, a goodly troop, to precede the procession, and in three minutes the whole body, forming two lines of elephants, marched up the street of regiments to meet the Maharajah. And now the guns of the Camel Battery spat forth their salutation, and horses reared, and troops presented arms, and bands struck up our national anthem; Seiks galloped in and out in wild disorder, and dust arose even to the point of enveloping the proud procession. At the end of the street (so happily was the whole thing timed, and arranged) the Maharajah appeared in the centre of a line of elephants, and met the Governor-General and *his* gorgeous suite just as his Lordship had reached its termination. The Maharajah, simply clothed in a red tunic and trousers, and a turban of the same description, without one single trinket to adorn a person which,—“not to speak it profanely,” would be very little the better or the worse of such

adorning—the Maharajah was now received into Lord Auckland's howdah, and the whole pageant wheeled about to proceed to the durbar. To describe the rush that was made to reach the audience tent and secure a good position while the formal interview took place, is utterly beyond the compass of a feeble historian. As the time advanced, Seik chieftains, "all clinquant, all in gold," or clothed in every diversity of colour, and every imaginable variety of picturesque costume, armed to the teeth with spear, sabre, shield, and lighted matchlock, scrambled onwards, competing with the British redcoats for a "peep at the *tumasha*." Arrived at the tents, which were already nearly crammed to suffocation, the Maharajah (giving precedence to Lord Auckland) alighted, and leaning upon the arm of his Lordship and Sir Henry Fane, made his way into the tent. But such was the density of the mob of *militaires* and uncouth Punjabees composing Runjeet's guard of honour, and so utterly dark was the whole apartment, from the crowd that blocked up the entrance, that it was with the greatest difficulty his Highness reached one of the couches to the right of the tent, where the Miss

Edens, with Mrs. Churchill; Mrs. Sale, Mrs. W. H. M'Naghten, and several other ladies, sat to receive him. Indeed, if he had not had the luck to be helped through by the good stout arm of "Stalwart Fane," who is accustomed to *force passages*, it is doubtful if the Maharajah could have reached the couch at all. Here Major Wade came up and did dragoman for Lord Auckland and the ladies for a few minutes. After this the Governor-General, aided as before by Sir Henry, took the Maharajah into an inner tent, where chairs of state were arranged, and the *oi polloi* excluded. About thirty gentlemen, and the ladies alone, with Runjeet's prime minister, his son, and some of the principal sirdars, were permitted to assist at this part of the business; and the more effectually to preserve this exclusiveness, the companies of the European regiment were called in, and with a few troops of the body-guard, formed a lane for the passage of the party to and fro. Within this tent the portable presents were produced, and exhibited a goodly selection from the choicest articles to be found in the *boutiques* of the gun-makers, jewellers, and porcelain dealers of Calcutta. But the gift of gifts, that before

which the Maharajah bent with the devotion of a *preux chevalier*, and the affection of a faithful and ancient ally, was a full-length portrait of our gracious Queen, painted by Miss Eden for the occasion, and encompassed by a fitting frame of solid gold and jewelled cornices. On receiving this present, which was brought in by Major-General Sir Willoughby Cotton, (while the Camel Battery fired a royal salute,) the Maharajah, through Major Wade's interpretation, signified his intention to hang it up in his tent, and fire a salute in its honour. A good deal of edifying conversation passed between the Governor-General and his royal visitor, with a sketch of which a friend favoured me. It is worth perusing.

Lord A.—"All the letters I receive from the English Government make anxious inquiries after your health and prosperity."

Runjeet.—"I am a friend to the English, and indeed esteem all their distinguished officers round me as friends."

Lord A.—"Sir Henry Fane expresses his pleasure at meeting you."

Runjeet.—"I am glad to see the Commander-

in-Chief, who is not only a warm friend but a gallant soldier."

Sir Henry.—" I feel grateful for the compliment."

Lord A.—" I am now about to present you with a picture of our young and beautiful Queen, who is as famed for her virtue as her greatness."

(On this Major-General Cotton advanced with the picture.)

Runjeet.—" I consider this the greatest gift I could receive, and a proof of the friendship existing between the two Governments ; and when I return I will fire a salute of 101 guns, to celebrate the happy event."

Runjeet.—" Do the English still occupy that Tapoo (*Island*) near Persia, (meaning Karrack,) and with what force ?"

Lord A.—" Yes ; with one European regiment ; but there are two more to embark for it."

Sir Henry.—" The island is very strong, and, Maharajah, (*with a smile,*) the whole army of Persia could not take it."

Lord A.—" In a few days there will be a man-of-war, of 74 guns, besides smaller vessels, at Karrack."

Runjeet.—"That is good! 74 guns in one ship!"

Lord A.—"I regret much, Maharajah, that I cannot do myself the pleasure of shewing you a steam-vessel on the Sutledge at present, but I hope, ere many months are past, to gratify you with the sight of several on the Indus."

Runjeet.—"Have you heard of General Ventura lately?"

Lord A.—"Yes; he was in England by last accounts, and will be out, I think, immediately when he hears you require his services."

Runjeet.—"How was he received in London?"

Lord A.—"I gave him letters to the different ministers; he was received kindly by them, and they all speak in high terms of him; they have offered him every assistance in purchasing the newest arms, &c., for you."

Runjeet.—"Whether do you consider Ventura or Allard the better General?"

Lord A.—"I am no judge; they are both brave and good Generals; they were brought up in the school of Napoleon, one of the greatest heroes and bravest men who ever lived; second

to none, unless it be Wellington, to whom our country owes so much of her glory."

Runjeet.—"I am fond of music. Is that the same band I heard at Umritsur?"

Lord A.—"Yes; the same—but we have such a band to each regiment."

Runjeet.—"I like music; it pleases the *soul*, and inspires the soldiers in the hour of battle. I have gone to much expense and trouble to create bands in my army."

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When all had been said it was thought requisite to say on the occasion, the Maharajah, escorted as before, proceeded to another tent to see the howitzers, the caparisoned elephant, and the magnificent horses which had been prepared for his acceptance. It would be pleasant to record, that this part of the ceremonies came off without an accident calculated to cloud the auspicious day; but truth compels me to chronicle that, on approaching the howitzers, his Highness and Sir Henry Fane stumbled over a few layers of spherical case, which were deposited for the sake of display, in front of the howitzers, and for a second lay prostrate. Sir Henry scrambled up,

(I daresay *he* only fell from courtesy, though " 'twas so dark, Hal ! thou couldst not see thine own hand !") and assisted the Maharajah to rise, who proceeded to inspect the gifts. The howitzers were extolled, the elephants praised, and the horses admired, though his Highness's taste in the latter article differs from that of the English, inasmuch as he was most taken with that which our countrymen deemed the least entitled to approbation.

The interview and its attendant ceremonies having now ceased, the Maharajah was attended to his elephant, which he duly mounted, and amidst compliments, hurrahs, the discharge of cannon, and the discourse of hautboys, returned to the place from whence he came, preceded and followed as before by a horde of retainers, and accompanied by Sir. W. Cotton, and some political officers. The troops were then marched off the ground, and the crowds of spectators returned at mid-day to their homes and their breakfast.

November 30.—This day was devoted to a return of the visit attempted to be described above ; and most truly it may be said that to-day

was the master of yesterday. The Seiks fairly "shone down upon the English."

At break of day, the 16th Lancers and the 2d Cavalry sprung into their saddles, and went a-head under the command of Colonel Arnold, to occupy the opposite or right bank of the Sutledge, at the foot of the bridge of boats, and await the coming of the Governor-General. His Lordship was not long in his preparations for a start. Before sunrise, the body-guard were paraded outside the enclosure, and very soon afterwards Lord Auckland, with Mr. Macnaghten, Mr. Colvin, and Mr. Torrens, Sir W. Casement, Sir W. Cotton, Colonel Skinner, Major Wade, and several Staff-Officers and Brigadiers, to the number of about thirty, left the tents as before, on elephants, in two close columns, the movement being announced by a salute from the guns of the horse artillery attached to the escort.

Scarcely any regimental officer was permitted to accompany the procession, as the apprehension of a crush had induced the Maharajah to limit his invitation to some fifty or sixty gentlemen of the highest rank, or immediately about the

person of the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief.

When the procession had gone a few hundred yards, a deputation, consisting of Shere Sing, the Maharajah's second son, and Dhihan Sing, his prime minister, with several other Rajahs and Sardars similarly mounted, and escorted by some two or three hundred irregular cavalry, and a company of regular infantry, met his Lordship, and turned about to accompany him to the camp of the Maharajah. The march, over a space of about three miles, now became extremely picturesque and interesting. The pace of the elephants kept the horde of Seiks at a hard gallop, thereby affording them an excellent opportunity of displaying to advantage their equitation and martial bearing. The costume of the cavaliers was of course of a very motley complexion, and their arms, appointments, horses, and equipments, were not perhaps of an order to challenge close inspection; but the *tout ensemble* of the pageant was so extremely unlike anything that one sees anywhere else; there was such a pleasant dash of poetry and romance in the congregation of daring horsemen bearing lance, targe, and matchlock, and

flaunting in all varieties of colours, and diversities of uniform, that criticism was entirely disarmed. On reaching the bridge of boats, constructed for the occasion by Lieutenant Wood of the Indian Navy, the party proceeded across the Sutledge singly, as there was no room for two elephants abreast. At the opposite side the Governor-General was met by Sir Henry Fane, Generals Torrens and Churchill, and the rest of the staff and visitors from his Excellency's camp. These joined the first body of elephants ; and the whole then moved forward up a spacious street, formed by her Majesty's 16th Lancers and the 2d Light Cavalry. The appearance of the Lancers under arms was beyond praise. They presented a spectacle which no Englishman could contemplate without some degree of pride. At the extremity of the street in question, the Governor-General and his *cortège* came upon a small winding stream, over which a sort of road had been constructed of rushes, earth, and planks ; and beyond this his Lordship entered upon an avenue formed by some thousands of the picked troops of the Maharajah. Proceeding up the avenue, two lines of camel-artillery, (Zumbors,) stretching to the right and left of a rising ground,

fired an irregular salute, while the *allée* of regular cavalry flourished trumpets and kettle-drums, and presented arms. On went the pageant, while every step unfolded to the view some fresh spectacle on which the eye might rest with pleasure. After passing two regiments, a discharge of distant artillery announced that the Maharajah had left his tents, and in a few minutes afterwards his Highness might be seen coming down to meet his noble visitors in all the pomp and circumstance peculiar to an Oriental procession.

The scene which now presented itself is utterly beyond description. All that the imagination can conceive of human grandeur—all that the most exuberant fancy can devise in its endeavours to portray the *acmé* of royal splendour, was here bodied forth. Down the avenue, formed by the serried ranks of hundreds of steady horsemen, whose steel casques and gay appointments glittered in the sun, moved two *masses* of elephants, bearing on their backs the mightiest potentates of the Orient, seated in their gorgeous howdahs, and attended by the chief officers of their respective courts, sumptuously attired. Beyond were seen columns upon columns of scarlet-clad and

helmeted troops—"all furnished, all in arms"—arranged with a precision, and preserving a steadiness worthy of the best European discipline; while behind, and about their ranks, stretching to the east and to the west, was an extensive encampment, in the centre of which were numerous tents of crimson and gold, indicating the chosen abode of a powerful military chieftain. Crowded together, at *viewing* distance from the legions, thousands of spectators of the humblest classes stood in ranks, preserving a silence, a decorum, and an *immobility*, which proved the existence of a severe military discipline even in the walks of civil life. No shouts rent the air, save the licensed clamours of some rude faqueer; no vociferous cheers manifested the exuberant joyousness of a happy population. The admiration of the people—if admiration it were—was only depicted in their silent awe and breathless astonishment; or kept in check by the apprehension of high displeasure. Not many minutes elapsed before, in his dark crimson shawl, cloth tunic, trousers, and turban, without any tinsel or trinket—in short, without any other relief to the uniformity of his exterior than that presented by a flowing white beard, the sagacious

old man came out, in strong contrast with his richly-clad attendants and chieftains. On closing with the Governor-General, (who, dressed in the blue and gold uniform of a minister of state, bore himself throughout as a British nobleman might be expected to do on such an occasion,) the Maharajah saluted his Lordship, and received him into his howdah, upon which the cannon again "spake to the trumpet," and the columns of elephants, now united, proceeded to the durbar tents. The arrival at their destination was the signal for another salute from the batteries of Runjeet's horse-artillery ; while bands of music, uncommonly well trained, played our national anthem, and loud clarions proclaimed the glory of the Maharajah. The tents were enclosed within a vast area of crimson cloth walls, about nine feet high, and decorated with yellow lace. Within the enclosure, in well arranged ranks, forming numerous *allées* and guards of honour, stood some two or three thousand of the household troops of the Maharajah, clad, for the most part, in crimson silk, or elegant *kincaub*, and armed with highly polished matchlocks and shields, of the most perfect order ; the most profound silence prevailed, broken only

by the royal band, (formerly in the service of the Begum Sumroo,) and the murmurs of approbation proceeding from European lips. Alighting within this splendid enclosure, the Maharajah conducted Lord Auckland, the Commander-in-Chief, and their suite, to the durbar tent, which consisted of a splendidly carpeted floor, provided with numerous gold and silver chairs, and covered by a spacious *zumeena*, lined with shawl-cloth, placed in front of the Maharajah's principal pavilion. Here the whole assembly took their seats, and the ceremony of the introduction took place, — Major Wade and Mr. W. H. Macnaghten, who sat on Lord Auckland's right, acting as interpreters on behalf of the English visitors. As the British officers were severally introduced to Runjeet Sing, he addressed a few words to them, and rallied Colonel Skinner upon their old acquaintanceship. The principal Sirdars then presented themselves, and severally did homage to their chief, receiving a few complimentary *salaams*, and now and then an expression of good-will. When the presentations were over, a band of nautch girls, bedizened with jewellery, and beautified after their fashion with *missee*, silver dust, &c., were called in, and

formed a little circle, while the most celebrated *bayadère* treated the company to a few of those singular movements which here pass for dancing. The shawls, trinkets, cloths, &c., which constituted the presents on these occasions, were now brought in, exhibited, and then appropriated by the officers of the Governor-General's suite, after the ordinary system. The horses, &c., were then inspected, and here terminated the ceremonials of the meeting on the modern "Field of the cloth of gold." Some little time passed in visiting the different tents, inspecting the furniture, and other paraphernalia, and conversing with the chief Sirdars; and the Governor-General then offered his adieus to the Maharajah, resumed his seat in the howdah, and departed in the order of his coming; the horse artillery, as before, honouring the event by a royal salute.

December 2.—The Governor-General, escorted by the 4th Light Cavalry, under Colonel King, crossed the Sutledge yesterday afternoon, to partake of an evening entertainment at the tents of the Maharajah. His Lordship left the camp rather early, and was closeted with the Maharajah for some time before the rest of the guests arrived.

In the evening Sir H. Fane, General Churchill, &c., the Honourable Miss F. Eden, and several other ladies went over, and soon afterwards the *fête* commenced. This consisted of as brilliant an illumination as could well be managed in a camp, a discharge of fireworks of an ordinary description, and a Cashmerian nautch, the latter being varied by sundry little episodes, in which a precocious youth did homage, after a peculiar fashion, to the *corps de ballet*, while another treated the company to a piece of mimicry that was more calculated to gratify the curious than interest the delicate. Runjeet Sing was particularly gracious, and did not scruple to allow the Koh-i-noor to be handed about (Major Wade being hostage for its safety) for the gratification of the assembled guests, who severally expressed their admiration of so magnificent a jewel. His Highness also caused sweetmeats, and a peculiarly potent beverage, to be served up, himself partaking pretty freely of the latter.

Ferozepore, December 3, 1838.—At an early hour this morning, the discharge of artillery from the Governor-General's camp announced that his

Lordship (escorted by the 4th Light Cavalry and the Body-Guard) had left his tent for the parade-ground. Runjeet Sing had preceded his Lordship, with some ten or twenty thousand followers, and the road still exhibited a further accumulation, there being scarcely an interval of five yards unoccupied by men or horses, camels, or elephants. On reaching the ground, Lord Auckland and his immense suite joined the Maharajah, and offered him the salutation of the day. The whole body then moved forwards, and the dust and fog clearing away a little, disclosed a spacious tent, enclosed by kunnauts, where breakfast was laid for forty persons. Through this tent, which, with the parade-ground, was well protected from the inroads of the concourse of military, nobility, and mobility, by the 4th Light Cavalry, (Lancers,) his Lordship and the Maharajah passed, proceeding to the *zumeecana*, which formed the opposite entrance to the area. Here their horses awaited them. They mounted and proceeded forward, accompanied by, at least, twenty thousand souls, regular and irregular, British, foreign, and domestic, variously mounted, and curiously and wonderfully equipped. A few minutes' marching through

as dense a cloud and smoke as was at all necessary for choking purposes, brought the moving mass into the heart of a good thick fog, through which were "dimly seen" a score (or more) of officers in cocked hats, headed by one whose stature and solitary position bespoke superior rank. The gentlemen in the fog, beholding the gentlemen in the smoke, concluded naturally enough that they must be the Maharajah and the Governor-General, (for who else dare kick up *such* a dust at *such* a time?) and accordingly they caused sundry invisible guns to add to the combination of smoke and dust, and foul vapour, while unseen hands perpetrated "God saves;" and the "children of the mist" (who proved to be Sir Henry Fane and the general Staff) saluted after the prescribed fashion—Lord Auckland taking off his cocked hat, and the Maharajah *salaaming* in token of the compliment.

The salute over, the Commander-in-Chief stepped from his place and welcomed his visitors, while the general officers and the Staff of divisions took up their respective places. The aforesaid mass then moved down the line of troops, (ten thousand strong,) who were found drawn up

in the rear of the dispersed Staff. The Maharajah led the way, and appeared to be deeply interested in the survey. The Europeans and the artillery underwent a very close inspection. Approaching the former, his Highness invariably shaded his eyes from the sun, that he might the better scan the most potent arm of his potent ally; and when he reached the latter, nothing would satisfy him but an examination of each gun, carriage, &c., separately.

When the inspection was over, the whole body retired to the centre flag-staff to witness some military manoeuvres. It is impossible to scribe the enthusiasm of delight into which the "marching past" threw the whole of the spectators. The Seiks declared unequivocally that their eyes were now open to the character of British troops; and every Englishman on the ground felt that the moving array carried invincibility in its very step. Most of the corps elicited some expression of warm approbation; but the palm of superiority was, in the opinion of many, borne away by the Lancers, the 3d Cavalry, the Buffs, (whose firm tread and well-closed ranks gave them the appearance of a moving wall,) the 5th, 16th, 43d, 42d, 31st, and

53d. It was almost impossible to choose amongst these corps. I speak only of the particular moment when they passed the Maharajah and saluted. It is generally agreed, that in the *entire* movements it was impossible to say which corps outstripped the other.

When all had been reviewed, the Governor-General retired with the *élite* of the suite, and that of the Commander-in-Chief, to breakfast ; and the Maharajah returned, with the usual compliment of guns, to the tents. The troops then marched to their respective encampments, and in the evening Sir H. Fane issued a flattering order. The interchange of civilities continues, and all parties agree that the Maharajah was never so complaisant and ready to meet the wishes of the British Government. It is said, that a passage through the Punjaub would have been readily granted if asked for ; but that our Government had really not thought it necessary to try that route, under any circumstances. Crowds of Seiks invariably accompany Runjeet Sing and his deputations, whenever they cross the river, and much amusement is excited by their bearing towards the British officers. There is a strange mixture of frank courtesy

curiosity, and dislike, in their demeanour. They freely enter into conversation with those who accept them, and are at all times very communicative. But they cannot abide our beardless chins; they hold in great contempt our short-tailed horses; and our ladies are regarded as unaccountable pieces of humanity. Distrust of the English also seems to characterize most of their proceedings. They light their matchlocks when they approach our durbar, or get amongst a crowd of British troops; and whenever the Maharajah moves, they cluster around him, as if apprehensive that Lord Auckland would take an early opportunity of either seizing his Highness's person or cutting his jugular. In receiving us on their own side of the river, however, the Seiks do not apparently consider it necessary to take the same precautions. The general appearance of the Seik soldiery—I speak only of their *personnel*, and not of their appointments, accoutrements, &c.—is, I think, in their favour. They have remarkably fine expressive features, bright eyes, good noses, and beautiful teeth. They likewise carry themselves proudly and gracefully, and have symmetrical, though by no means brawny limbs. The

costume embraces silks of all the colours of the rainbow,—orange, crimson, green ; and they also wear a great variety of superb *kincaubs*. The turban, of a very neat form, neither too large nor too small, is generally of yellow or crimson, surmounted by a small tuft of the feathers of some black water-bird. I have not seen so much armour as I expected. Excepting the steel and brass casques of the cavalry, and a few coats of mail, and cuirass plates, there is nothing of the style of the olden times to be found in the costume. Dhian Sing, the prime minister, is perhaps the most attractive man at the court, and *he* merely wears an elegant French cuirass and steel gauntlets. Of the horses and their caparison, there is little to be said in the way of praise. The number of large and well-conditioned animals, bears no proportion to the swarms of lean, goose-rumped, and cat-hammed cattle. The pace at which they go is contemptible, compared with the speed of our cavalry ; and their caperings are absurdly ungraceful after the *caracoles* of Astley's famous well-bred and "unrivalled stud of sixty horses." As for the trappings and housings, conceive the ultra-ism of incongruity, and you will approach a con-

ception of the singular contrast presented by the
belts. A splendid *shabrague* or horse-cloth, of
superfine crimson and gold, rich velvet or Astra-
can fur, is frequently associated with rope reins
and ragged *top*, *spar-leathers*. Then again, an
embroidered and studded bridle is linked to a
wretched martingale, a pack-thread head stall, and
a saddle-cloth which may have done duty as a
Syce's cummerbund. The horses appear to un-
dergo very little grooming; but this, I suppose, is
a natural peculiarity, extending to all the Punjab
races of the animal kingdom. It is doubtful if the
people ever indulge in any extravagant expendi-
ture of soap and water. The Maharajah, we hear,
estimates men by their "potency in potting."
Poor Michael Cassio would never have been a
favoured officer of his. On introducing people to
Lord Auckland, or pointing out his favourite,
he is accustomed to say, "That man can drink ten
cups of *gharra* per day;" "that man twenty,"
and so on. Your "swag-bellied" Hollander
will have no chance with these fellows; they
could drink him dead drunk in an hour.

At a point in December last evening,

half-past five, a splendid entertainment was given by the Miss Edens to the Maharajah, his sons, prime minister, and principal officers of state. An immense compound was formed in the usual way, in the rear of the durbar tents, the inner walls of which were illuminated by a profusion of flambeaux affixed to woodwork and scaffolding raised for the occasion. Many portions of the ground, too, being covered with innumerable *cheraugs*, fancifully disposed, resembled a sheet of flame, while fire-works, consisting of sky-rockets, maroons, blue-lights, Roman candles, Catharin wheels, and all the *et ceteras* of pyrotechnic skill "flared up" in bold defiance of the stars, and to the utter wonderment of the assembly. Immediately in the front of this display, and exact in the rear of the durbar tent, was a spacious awning, duly carpeted and illuminated by candelabra placed on the ground. Around this *parterre* sat all the magnates and the select few of our fair country-women, who have been brought by accident, courage, curiosity, or conjugal devotion, to this remote quarter of the empire. The Honourable Miss Eden was on the left of the Lin of the Punjaub, in front of whom sat, or se

